JULY 18, 1983
$1.75
TIME
CENTRAL AMERICA
Secret Stirrings And Hidden Probes
DANCING TO THE MUSIC
David Bowie Rockets Onward
10090
29
0
724404

ULTRA LIGHTS: 5 mg. "tar", 0.5 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.
VANTAGE.
THE TASTE OF SUCCESS.
Great Taste with Ultra Low Tar. That's Success!
VANTAGE ULTRA LIGHTS
VANTAGE ULTRA LIGHTS 100s

***$7,990.** Mfr's sugg. retail price includes a 12-month unlimited mileage, limited warranty. Transp., tax, license, dealer prep add'l.

"The Rabbit GTI is more than just fast; it's wired directly to your synapsis."

Esquire, April 1983

Is that good? We looked it up to be sure. And learned the synapse is really the core of your central nervous system.

Then it all made sense. Because the VW Rabbit GTI has such razor-sharp reflexes, it responds to your commands almost before you've given them.

The free-reving 1.8 litre engine and 5-speed close-ratio gearbox take you from 0 – 50 in just 7.2 seconds.

The suspension is taut. The steering quick. For cornering unequalled in a car its size.

And the high performance Rabbit GTI delivers all this precise German engineering and German design at a very sensible price. Precisely $7,990*.

We figure giving your synapsis a thrill is great. As long as it doesn't give your budget a nervous twitch.

Seatbelts save lives.

Nothing else is a Volkswagen.

"BUY A $300,000 ESTATE WITH JUST $300 DOWN?

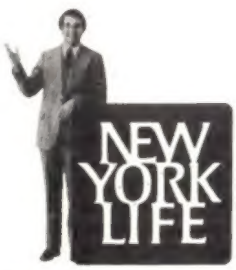
IMPOSSIBLE."

Anyone who has done any shopping around lately might expect to put down tens of thousands of dollars for a $300,000 estate.

But, as a New York Life Agent, I can help you acquire that size estate with life insurance for just pennies on the dollar—an estate that would see your family through the hard times if you should die unexpectedly.

At age 35, and if you are in good shape and don't smoke cigarettes, a $300,000 New York Life term policy would initially cost you under $300 a year. What's more, this policy can be renewed all the way to age 70, although your yearly premiums will increase as you grow older.

Ask me, your New York Life Agent. Tomorrow you can provide a $300,000 estate for your family, and do it for just pennies on the dollar.



"ASK ME."

New York Life Insurance Company, 51 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10010. In Canada: Royal Bank Plaza, South Tower, Toronto, Ontario M5J 2J3. Life, Group and Health Insurance, Annuities, Pension Plans.

JULY 18, 1983 Vol. 122 No. 3 **TIME** THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

A Letter from the Publisher

Time Inc., the parent company of TIME magazine, has long demonstrated its support for higher education through such activities as direct financial aid and matching grants for employees' gifts to their favorite schools. In part, this is enlightened self-interest: such support helps build the pool of talent on which journalism draws. But over the past seven years the company has also nurtured talent directly. Through Time Inc.'s summer-intern program, headed by Editorial Director Ralph Graves and administered by Personnel's College Relations Manager Katherine Vinton Taylor, a select group of undergraduates spend their vacation months working as full-time paid journalists, developing their writing, reporting, researching and photographic skills. For the company, says Taylor, the benefits are substantial: "We strengthen our ties with the world of education, and we get an exceptionally talented group of summer employees."

ARTHUR STREIBER

Summer Interns Guest, Golon, Cohen and Spier

TIME's four 1983 interns bring varied backgrounds to their tasks: Adam Cohen, reporting in the New York bureau, is a social studies major at Harvard and associate managing editor of the *Harvard Crimson*. MaryAnne Golon, a University of Florida journalism major who has taken photographs for Florida papers, is working in the photography department. William Guest of Yale is a history major who has contributed a weekly editorial to the *Yale Daily News*, and Ben Spier, a Russian language and literature major at Amherst, has written theater and movie reviews for the Amherst *Student*. Spier and Guest will rotate between researching, reporting and writing.

In all, 20 interns won jobs this summer at seven of Time Inc.'s eight magazines, the Picture Collection, Time-Life Books and Teletext, a video information and entertainment service. An editorial committee selected them from among the 66 applications sent to Time Inc. by 23 universities. Says Senior Editor José M. Ferrer III, who helped choose TIME's interns: "In reading their clippings and personal statements, I looked for intelligence and judgment." Deputy Chief of Correspondents R. Edward Jackson had the same responsibility for TIME's News Service. Says he: "I tried to pick people who could work for us some day." In fact, 13 of the previous 89 interns are now staff members. They include TIME Staff Writer Kenneth W. Banta (1979) and Bonn Correspondent Gary Lee (1978), who did the major reporting for this week's cover story on David Bowie.

John a. Meyer

Index

Cover: Illustration by Mick Haggerty

54
Cover: Rock is hot again and the resurgent David Bowie is setting the pace with a triumphant tour and a smash new album, *Let's Dance*. For the battered record industry it's the first good news in years. *See* MUSIC.

10
Nation: A survey finds the U.S.'s midsummer mood on the upswing. ▸ Democrats make hay with straw polls. ▸ Did the Carter debate book come from a mole? ▸ Dioxin makers knew its dangers. ▸ Wanted: jobs for 2.3 million teen-agers.

22
Central America: As four Nicaraguan dissidents offer a plan to help end their country's civil war, U.S. Special Envoy Richard Stone holds an unprecedented meeting with Salvadoran guerrilla leaders in Costa Rica. *See* WORLD.

27
World
George Shultz draws a blank on his hasty Middle East stopover. ▸ Helmut Kohl stands firm during his mission to Moscow.

34
Law
The Supreme Court rules that women must get equal retirement benefits as it ends a busy term of bold, but rootless activism.

40
Economy & Business
Cigarette makers try new brands to boost sales. ▸ A. T. & T. must give up its Bell. ▸ Why do executives wear suspenders?

46
Education
Under pressure from Reagan and the public, teachers' unions are reconsidering: Should they oppose merit pay?

50
Science
Reaching record energy levels, a powerful new U.S. accelerator leads an international effort to understand matter.

52
Sport
With Montreal and Toronto leading their divisions, a World Series in Canada is suddenly more than just an icy thought.

62
Living
Predicting the right colors that will entice consumers to buy products is a psychological challenge.

63
Cinema
John Travolta and Sylvester Stallone team for a sequel to *Saturday Night Fever* and hatch a turkey of a backstage musical.

64
Books
A centenary edition of Kafka's complete short stories. ▸ *The Emperor* may tell more about Eastern Europe than Ethiopia.

70
Computers
Counterculture Czar Stewart Brand, creator of the *Whole Earth Catalog*, takes on the complex new world of software.

72
Essay
To women belong the world's future and most of the present. Is it too much to ask them to keep their hands off the past?

6 Letters
53 People
71 Milestones

TIME (ISSN 0040-781X) is published weekly at the subscription price of $45 per year, by Time Inc., 3435 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90010. Principal office: Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020. J. Richard Munro, President; Thayer Bigelow, Treasurer; Charles B. Bear, Secretary. Second class postage paid at Los Angeles, CA, and at additional mailing offices.
Vol. 122 No. 3 © 1983 Time Inc. All rights reserved. Reproduction in whole or in part without written permission is prohibited. TIME and the Red Border Design are protected through trademark registration in the United States and in the foreign countries where TIME magazine circulates. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to TIME, Time & Life Building, 541 N. Fairbanks Court, Chicago, Ill. 60611.

"Chivas Regal!...
Where do you think you are, heaven?"

Chivas Regal • 12 Years Old Worldwide • Blended Scotch Whisky • 86 Proof. General Wine & Spirits Co., N.Y.

TIME

Founders: BRITON HADDEN 1898-1929 HENRY R. LUCE 1898-1967

Editor-in-Chief: Henry Anatole Grunwald
President: J. Richard Munro
Chairman of the Board: Ralph P. Davidson
Executive Vice President: Clifford J. Grum
Editorial Director: Ralph Graves
Group Vice President, Magazines: Kelso F. Sutton
Executive Vice President, Magazines: Philip G. Howlett

MANAGING EDITOR: Ray Cave
EXECUTIVE EDITORS: Edward L. Jamieson, Jason McManus
ASSISTANT MANAGING EDITORS: Richard Duncan, John Elson, Ronald Kriss
INTERNATIONAL EDITOR: Karsten Prager
SENIOR EDITORS: James D. Atwater, Martha M. Duffy, William F. Ewald, José M. Ferrer III, Stefan Kanfer, Donald Morrison, Henry Muller, Thomas Plate, Christopher Porterfield, Stephen Smith, George M. Taber
ART DIRECTOR: Rudolph Hoglund
CHIEF OF RESEARCH: Leah Shanks Gordon
OPERATIONS DIRECTOR: Gérard C. Lelièvre
PICTURE EDITOR: Arnold H. Drapkin
SENIOR WRITERS: George J. Church, Gerald Clarke, Michael Demarest, Otto Friedrich, Frederic Golden, Paul Gray, Robert Hughes, T.E. Kalem, Ed Magnuson, Lance Morrow, Frederick Painton, Roger Rosenblatt, R.Z. Sheppard, William E. Smith, Frank Trippett
ASSOCIATE EDITORS: Patricia Blake, Richard Corliss, Spencer Davidson, John S. DeMott, Dorothy Haystead, William A. Henry III, Russ Hoyle, Walter Isaacson, Marguerite Johnson, James Kelly, John Leo, John Nielsen, Richard N. Ostling, J.D. Reed, George Russell, Marylois Purdy Vega
STAFF WRITERS: Charles P. Alexander, Kurt Andersen, Kenneth W. Banta, Tom Callahan, E. Graydon Carter, Janice Castro, Hunter R. Clark, Maureen Dowd, Philip Elmer-DeWitt, Guy D. Garcia, John Greenwald, Pico Iyer, John Kohan, Ellie McGrath, Sara C. Medina, Jay D. Palmer, Richard Stengel, Alexander L. Taylor III, Susan Tifft, Anastasia Toufexis, Claudia Wallis, Michael Walsh
CONTRIBUTORS: Judy Bachrach, A.T. Baker, Jay Cocks, Thomas Griffith, Gregory Jaynes, Charles Krauthammer, Melvin Maddocks, Jane O'Reilly, Kenneth M. Pierce, Richard Schickel, John Skow, Wolf Von Eckardt
REPORTER-RESEARCHERS: Ursula Nadasdy de Gallo, Sue Raffety, Betty Satterwhite Sutter (Department Heads); Audrey Ball, Peggy T. Berman, Rosemary Byrnes, Nancy McD. Chase, Oscar Chiang, Eileen Chiu, Elaine Dutka, Mary Earle, Georgia Harbison, Anne Hopkins, Nancy Newman, Jeanne-Marie North, Susan M. Reed, Victoria Sales, Zona Sparks, Susanne Washburn, Genevieve A. Wilson-Smith, Rosemarie Tauris Zadikov (Senior Staff); Peter Ainslie, Bernard Baumohl, Richard Bruns, Robert I. Burger, Mary Carpenter, Valenice Castronovo, Helen Sen Doyle, Rosamond Draper, Kathryn Jackson Fallon, Mary Ann French, Cassie T. Furgurson, Cristina Garcia, Nelida Gonzalez-Alfonso, Robert T. Grieves, Michael P. Harris, Geraldine Kirshenbaum, Stephen Koepp, Melissa Ludtke, JoAnn Lum, Judith L. Marrs, Naushad S. Mehta, Katherine Mihok, Jamie Murphy, Adrianne Jucius Navon, Brigid O'Hara-Forster, John Podhoretz, Judith B. Prowda, Barry Rehfeld, Alfreda J. Robertson, Elizabeth Rudolph, Alain L. Sanders, Marion H. Sanders, William Tynan, Sidney Urquhart, Jane Van Tassel, Linda Young
CORRESPONDENTS: Richard Duncan (Chief); Dean Fischer, R. Edward Jackson, B. William Mader (Deputies) **Washington Contributing Editor:** Hugh Sidey **Diplomatic Correspondent:** Strobe Talbott
Senior Correspondents: Ruth Mehrtens Galvin, William Rademaekers, Sandy Smith, Peter Stoler, Frederick Ungeheuer
Washington: Robert Ajemian, Barrett Seaman, Laurence I. Barrett, David Beckwith, Gisela Bolte, Jay Branegan, Douglas Brew, Anne Constable, Patricia Delaney, Hays Gorey, Jerry Hannifin, David S. Jackson, Neil MacNeil, Johanna McGeary, Ross H. Munro, Bruce W. Nelan, Christopher Redman, Evan Thomas, Gregory H. Wierzynski **New York:** John F. Stacks, Jonathan Beaty, Dorothy Ferenbaugh, Marcia Gauger, Janice C. Simpson, Bruce van Voorst, Jack E. White, James Wilde, Adam Zagoria **Boston:** Richard Hornik, Joelle Attinger, James Bell **Atlanta:** Joseph N. Boyce, B.J. Phillips, John E. Yang **Houston:** Sam Allis **Chicago:** Christopher Ogden, J. Madeleine Nash, Thomas McCarroll, Lee Griggs, Don Winbush **Detroit:** Paul A. Witteman, Barbara B. Dolan **Denver:** Robert C. Wurmstedt **San Francisco:** William R. Doerner, Michael Moritz, Dick Thompson **Los Angeles:** Benjamin W. Cate, Steven Holmes, Joseph J. Kane, Alessandra Stanley, Richard Woodbury, Denise Worrell
Europe: Lawrence Malkin **London:** Bonnie Angelo, Mary Cronin, Arthur White **Paris:** Jordan Bonfante, William Blaylock, Thomas A. Sancton **Bonn:** Roland Flamini, Gary Lee **Eastern Europe:** John Moody **Rome:** Wilton Wynn, Barry Kalb **Jerusalem:** Harry Kelly, David Halevy **Middle East:** William Stewart **Beirut:** Roberto Suro **Bahrain:** Barry Hillenbrand **Moscow:** Erik Amfitheatrof **Hong Kong:** Sandra Burton, Bing W. Wong **Bangkok:** David DeVoss **Peking:** David Aikman **Nairobi:** John Borrell **Johannesburg:** Marsh Clark **New Delhi:** Dean Brelis **Tokyo:** Edwin M. Reingold, S. Chang **Melbourne:** John Dunn **Canada:** John M. Scott, Ed Ogle **Rio de Janeiro:** Gavin Scott **Mexico City:** James Wilwerth **Caribbean:** William McWhirter, Bernard Diederich
News Desk: Suzanne Davis, Tam Martinides Gray, Susan Lynd, David Richardson, Blanche Holley, Ann Drury Wellford, Jean R. White, Arturo Yañez **Administration:** Emily Friedrich, Linda D. Vartoogian
ART: Nigel Holmes, Irene Ramp (Deputy Directors); Arturo Cazeneuve, Renée Klein, Leonard S. Levine, Anthony J. Libardi, William Spencer (Assistant Directors); Lily Hou, John White (Designers); Rosemary L. Frank, Charlotte J. Quiggle (Covers); Nickolas Kalamaras **Layout:** Burjor Nargolwala (Chief); John P. Dowd, John F. Geist (Deputies); Joseph Aslaender, Steve Conley, David Drapkin, Carroll Dunham, Modris Ramans, Kenneth Smith, Barbara Wilhelm **Maps and Charts:** Paul J. Pugliese, E. Noel McCoy, Nino Telak, Deborah L. Wells
PHOTOGRAPHY: Michele Stephenson (Deputy); Demetra Kosters, Helen Eisenberg (Administration) **Researchers:** Evelyn Merrin, Richard L. Boeth, Anne Callahan, Martha L. Haymaker, Paula Hornak, Peter J. Kellner, Rose Keyser, Susan Lombardo, Eva Nutt, Julia Richer, Carol Saner, Nancy Smith-Alam, Robert B. Stevens, Anne Stovell, Mary Themo **Photographers:** Eddie Adams, Walter Bennett, Sahm Doherty, Rudi Frey, Arthur Grace, Dirck Halstead, Peter Jordan, David Hume Kennerly, Neil Leifer, Ben Martin, Mark Meyer, Ralph Morse, Carl Mydans, Stephen Northup, Bill Pierce, David Rubinger, Ted Thai, Diana Walker, John Zimmerman
MAKEUP: Charles P. Jackson (Chief); Eugene F. Coyle (International); Leonard Schulman, John M. Cavanagh (Deputies); Peter J. McGullam
OPERATIONS: Sue Aitkin (Deputy Director); Susan L. Blair (Copy Chief); Stephen F. Demeter (Systems Manager); Lee R. Sparks (Production Chief); Eleanor Edgar, Judith Anne Paul, Joseph J. Scafidi (Deputies); Trang Ba Chuong, Gary Deaton, Suzi Romanik, L. Rufino-Armstrong, Shirley Zimmerman (Supervisors); Dolores Alexander, Frances Bander, Minda Bikman, Robert Braine, Madeline Butler, Joan Cleary, Kenneth Collura, Manuel Delgado, Leo Deuel, Lucia Hamet, Evelyn Hannon, Garry Hearne, Judith Kales, Theresa Kelliher, Claire Knopf, Agustin Lamboy, Jeannine Laverty, Linda Lehrhaupt, Marcia L. Love, Mary McAleer, Emily Mitchell, James D. Mountjoy, Maria A. Paul, Alma Routsong, Megan Rutherford, Marcia Schlafmitz, Walter J. Tate, Jill Ward, Alan Washburn
LETTERS: Joan D. Walsh (Chief); Isabel F. Kouri (Deputy)
EDITORIAL SERVICES: Christiana Walford (Director); Herbert G. Orth, Benjamin Lightman, Alex Stack, Elizabeth G. Young

PUBLISHER: John A. Meyers
ASSOCIATE PUBLISHER: Richard W. Angle Jr.
Public Affairs Director: Robert D. Sweeney
Promotion Director: George P. Berger
Circulation Director: Eric G. Thorkilsen
Business Manager: Arthur G. Sachs
ASSOCIATE PUBLISHER-ADVERTISING SALES DIRECTOR: Richard B. Thomas
U.S. Advertising Sales Director: John J. Crowley Jr.
Associate U.S. Adv. Sales Director: Charles D. Hogan

© 1982 Toyota Motor Sales, U.S.A., Inc.

So it finally came. Some heavy rain. Lucky for you, you're sitting sog-free in your smart new 1983 Corolla 2-Door Sedan. Riding high and dry, riding dependable, riding reliable. That's Toyota. That's trust. It's a standard Toyota feature, and it's built right in to the car—so you get more than just gas money—you get a pocketful of value.*

Through all kinds of weather—you know this one is gonna start. And *stop*. And go. And go. And go! That's dependability. That's nice!

This is the total value car—roomy enough for the retriever, and an antique rug beater, yet stylish enough for the theatre. And undeniably reliable—you'll pass the repair shops without batting an eye.

Call it the rack and pinion steering for better handling, call it the new suspension system for a smoother ride, call it the new 1.6 liter SOHC engine—call it just plain style. Actually, it's all of the above, and more—it's a very affordable, enjoyable, dependable, undeniably

OH WHAT A FEELING!

TOYOTA

reliable car. We call it Toyota.
The 1983 Corolla 2-Door Sedan.
You'll call it Trust. Feels good, hm?

* The Corolla 2-Door Sedan is rated at 47 Estimated Highway MPG. (36) EPA Estimated MPG. Remember: Compare this estimate to the EPA "Estimated MPG" of other gasoline-powered cars with manual transmission. You may get different mileage depending on how fast you drive, weather conditions and trip length. Actual highway mileage will probably be less than the "Highway Estimate."

BUCKLE UP—IT'S A GOOD FEELING!

AN ECONOMY CAR SHOULD DELIVER MORE THAN JUST ECONOMY.

TRUST!

Letters

Pope in Poland

To the Editors:

I have never been so conscious of a hero in our midst until now. Pope John Paul [June 27] is consistently a man of conviction, courage and sympathy. Poland may not be freer because of him, but for a time that country was able to be a nation again because of him.

Christine A. Grzyb
Pittsburgh

While the Polish people struggle to become masters of their fates, they have certainly proved that they are the captains of their souls.

Jean N. Harwell
New York City

The Pope's visit to Poland is a lesson to all, but especially to the politicians who try to delude their constituencies into believing that the greatest bulwark against tyranny is an arsenal of nuclear warheads. John Paul has no armies at his command. His strength is truth. John Paul has not a single armament at his disposal. Courage is his only defense. The military power of a Caesar, a Hitler or a Stalin is short-lived compared with the moral power of leaders like Jesus, Gandhi and John Paul.

(The Rev.) Thomas P. Hall
Washington, D.C.

Abortion Decision

I am not a member of NOW, Planned Parenthood, the National Abortion Federation or any other pro-choice group. I am the mother of three children and the guardian of my 50-year-old retarded sister. Until faced with an abortion [June 27], few women could say with certainty what they would do. For those of us who subscribe to God's will, so be it. For those of us who simply cannot handle it, so be it. But let the decision be ours.

Joan Graham
Bloomfield Hills, Mich.

With the decision that it is a woman's right to choose whether she wants an abortion, the Supreme Court has given women permission to continue to kill the unborn within their wombs.

Philomena Haas
Denver

Women do not need the Supreme Court to support their right to choose to have an abortion. Rather, women need to decide beforehand whether to avoid pregnancy or to accept it, should pregnancy occur. By the time a woman is pregnant, she has already made her choice. Though women are the bearers of life, they are not the creators of life, and therefore have no fundamental right to destroy the life they carry in their body.

David Westerfield
Paris, Texas

What is the greater good that we seek to attain by extinguishing the life of the unborn child?

Mark Stumme
Iowa City, Iowa

Neither the Supreme Court nor anyone else has the right to decide what is right or wrong for others. If abortion is a sin, a power greater than our high court will take care of both sin and sinner in its own time and way.

Charlotte Ely
Columbus

Stirring the Sod

Sodbusting, the ripping up or overturning of marginal, native grasslands in the West and Midwest [June 27], is one of the greatest environmental rapes of this nation's land. This conversion of the topsoil to the wrong side up, as the Indians call it, will yield a fast buck for those who care little for the earth. It is encouraging that the Reagan Administration has adopted a right-side-up environmental position by opposing this abuse.

John G. Sidle
U.S. Fish & Wildlife Service
West St. Paul, Minn.

The Florida developer looks you straight in the eye and says with sincerity, "I appreciate the natural beauty you have here in Florida." Then with indecent haste he proceeds to cut down, fill in, pave over and finally build on all that "natural beauty" that so touched his soul. The same kind of land misuse is now occurring in the Western states, where the farmer, dressed in cowboy hat, boots and worn jeans, professes to be a lover of the wide-open spaces. But he has become the sodbuster, ripping up fragile range land in order to plant more and more wheat, for which there is no market and for which the Government with our taxes will pay a tidy sum.

Marion L. Knudsen, President
Citrus County Protective Association Inc.
Crystal River, Fla.

Peru's Perils

In your report on the recent terrorist attacks in Peru [June 13], you state that I, as a leader of the Socialist Revolutionary Party, have said the state of emergency decreed by the Belaúnde government was "justified." My position is the opposite. While I condemned the terrorists' acts, I also noted that the military response by the government puts them in the same class as the guerrillas. Thus, in addition to unsolved social problems, Peru faces violations of human rights in the areas now under military control. This unfortunate policy places the Peruvian people in a situation in which they could lose their democratic rights. That is what the leftist insurgents, as well as those on the authoritarian right, seek.

Enrique Bernales, Senator
Lima

Binding the Tie

I have been privy to several original wedding ceremonies similar to those described in your Essay "The Hazards of Homemade Vows" [June 27]. Like you, I vote for a return to the traditional marriage vows. Whether a couple decides they want to use the old "Let no man put asunder" or the new "Let no man divide," their contract is specific and touching in its simplicity.

Cynthia Lee Ahart
New York City

The most exaggerated wedding vow I ever heard was "I hereby accept all responsibility for meeting your total needs from now on."

Sidney J. Hall
Hampden-Sydney, Va.

Weddings are considered to be services, rituals and sacraments that belong to the churches and are made available to individuals by the churches. In this sense, weddings have a community orientation. The couple does not *do* the wedding; the church *does* the wedding for each couple as they come along, "from generation unto generation."

(The Rev.) Robert A. Morgan
Austin, Minn.

Debating Evolution

Reader Charles Beck's letter [June 20] criticizes the acceptance of evolution as a phenomenon because it is not "repeatable and verifiable." Neither is the entire historical record. Does Beck really doubt that George Washington or Jesus Christ ever lived? The evidence for the fact (not theory!) of evolution is far stronger than for the existence of Jesus, though not quite as good as for that of Washington's. The Pope's own Pontifical Academy of Sciences recently put it well: "We are convinced that masses of evidence render the application of the concept of

PLAYERS GO PLACES

New 100's
Regular and Menthol

14 mg "tar," 1.1 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, by FTC method.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

© Philip Morris Inc. 1983

Letters

evolution to man and the other primates beyond serious dispute."

Arthur C. Clarke
Colombo, Sri Lanka

Jew Against Jew

Your report "Hooliganism in the Holy City" [June 27], describing the animosity and battles between Jerusalem's extreme Orthodox Jewish groups and secular Israelis, bespeaks an inherent antireligious bias. You use the term ultra (meaning extreme or fanatical), to refer to Orthodox Jews only. Yet certainly those officials who arranged for the production of Handel's *Messiah* in the heart of a Jerusalem Orthodox community may rightfully be termed ultrasecular. So, too, are those who intentionally defy both "God's law" and local ordinances, by driving their cars through Hasidic communities when they are closed to vehicular traffic on the Sabbath.

I do not condone the acts of violence noted in your story. As an Orthodox Jew, I am repulsed by them. Yet, as difficult as it may be for some people to understand, the state of Israel is a Jewish state. The movement to return Israelis to their religious roots and practices should not be condemned because of the violent acts of a few.

David B. Hamm
New York City

The division between Orthodox and secular Jews in Israel is ridiculous. Unfortunately, to make this situation worse, any moderates who voice an opinion in the dispute are considered repulsive by both sides.

Barry Weintraub
New York City

Godless Church

The current campaign in the Unitarian Universalist Association to delete mention of God from its founding statement of principles [June 27] mocks the Unitarianism and Universalism of William Ellery Channing, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Theodore Parker and Hosea Ballou. If this radical proposal is ratified, the association should seriously consider changing its name to the Humanist Feminist Association.

Charles R. Gredler
Roseland, Va.

The tone of ridicule in your article on the Unitarian Universalist Association was offensive. I was lucky enough to have discovered the U.U.A. when I was 18. Its free, open approach to theology helped me through a confusing and difficult period in my spiritual life. The U.U.A. is the only denomination that accepts agnostics, atheists, humanists and other "godless heathen" as religious people who have as much right to ministry, fellowship and communion as anyone.

Wayne B. Ditsworth
Cedar Rapids, Iowa

Look Back for the Future

Your article "Whatever Became of the Future?" [June 27] made me think of the past. I grew up in the '30s, when Walter Gropius, Marcel Breuer and other Bauhaus architects were beginning to influence American architecture. During the building boom that followed World War II, I looked forward to seeing homes and office buildings that would excel the architecture of previous eras. I was disappointed. Few American buildings in the past 40 years have equaled the beauty of Monticello, the White House, the Chrysler Building, or even the average American home built prior to the war. Perhaps next year's Aspen conference on design should look to the Greek's Parthenon as a guide to "the future."

John Eastman Jr.
New York City

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR should be addressed to TIME, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020, and should include the writer's full name, address and home telephone. Letters may be edited for purposes of clarity or space.

"U-Haul will not be undersold. I guarantee it."

L.S. (Sam) Shoen
U-HAUL® Founder
and Chairman

"I started U-Haul 38 years ago to help people save money. I still want to help people save money. That's why I'll guarantee you the lowest rental rate you'll find anywhere. If you can find a lower rate, just tell us. We'll match it.* U-Haul will not be undersold. I guarantee it."

L.S. (Sam) Shoen

U-HAUL®
MOVING & STORAGE

*Subject to equipment availability and traffic control fees.

A MASTERPIECE OF DECEPTION

Peter Watson, a respected journalist, simply wanted to write about stolen art. Instead, he spent 4 years in the shady underground of the art world.

Disguised as "A. John Blake," a none-too-honest but very wealthy art buyer, he took on the role of international sleuth extraordinaire. It's the stuff spy novels are made of—danger, suspense and intrigue in pursuit of a priceless masterpiece.

ABC News correspondents Pierre Salinger and John Fielding guide you through the underground of art—where greed, deception and stolen beauty are a billion-dollar business.

"ALIAS A. JOHN BLAKE"

ABC NEWS

abc SATURDAY, JULY 16–10:00 PM/9:00 PM

CENTRAL

TIME/JULY 18, 1983

Sunny Mood at Midsummer

Americans take a brighter view of Reagan, the economy and the country

As the vacation season ripens to its fullest, Americans are heading to the beaches, tennis courts and backyard barbecue pits in their sunniest mood in nearly two years. The nation's problems, they think, look much less menacing, in particular, better than they did last winter and spring, largely because the recovery in the economy now seems to be genuine. Moreover, as the public's outlook on life in general brightens, so does its opinion of President Reagan, whose ratings are finally beginning to climb.

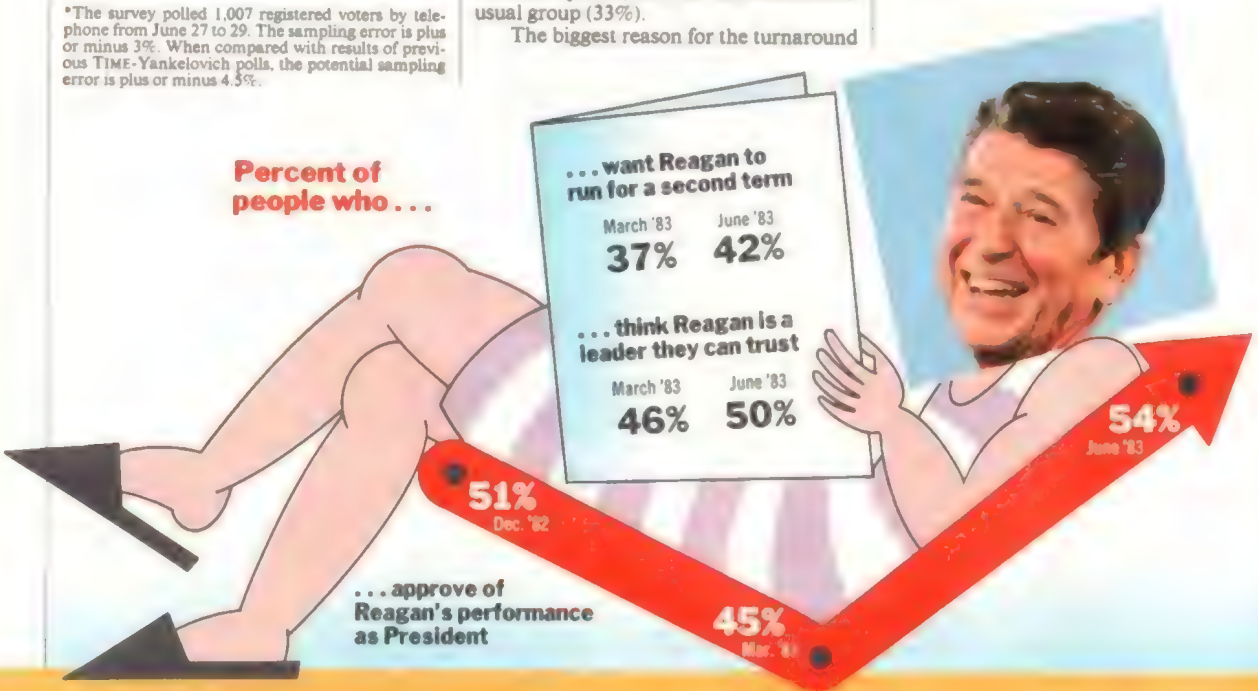
Those are the chief findings of a start-of-summer survey of American attitudes taken for TIME by Yankelovich, Skelly and White Inc.* There are puzzling cross-currents, of the type that occur in every poll, but the upswing in optimism is unmistakable. In response to the broadest question, "How do you feel things are going in the country these days?" a solid majority of 57% answered either "very well" or "fairly well," *vs.* only 41% who replied "pretty badly" or "very badly." That marks a striking reversal from the last two polls: in March those who judged the nation to be heading downhill held the lead 54% to 45%, and last December the pessimists' edge was lopsided, 65% to 35%. Indeed, the current poll shows the first majority since September 1981 for those taking the upbeat view.

The state of the nation, of course, can improve markedly and still leave much to be desired. In fact, 58% of those questioned still rated it "not good," a response hard to reconcile with the general air of optimism. But that was the lowest proportion since November 1977, when it was 55% (for whatever reason, possibly simply high standards, "not good" has always held a majority in the TIME-Yankelovich polls). More significant perhaps, 48% now believe the country's problems to be "no worse than at other times," while 46% think that the U.S. "is in deep and serious trouble," the narrowest division in six years. Only six months earlier, in the December 1982 poll, the deep-trouble worriers were almost twice as numerous (62% of those polled) as the no-worse-than-usual group (33%).

The biggest reason for the turnaround in sentiment seems obvious. It is hardly surprising that public gloom was so widespread late last year; in the judgment of many economists, that was when the most painful recession since World War II hit bottom. Though many indexes of the economy began rising with the new year, their message at first was unclear. As recently as March, those polled by the Yankelovich firm split evenly, 49% to 49%, on whether a recovery had or had not begun. Now the doubt has been resolved. In the current poll, 59% said the economy really has started to improve, while only 38% believed the U.S. is still in "the throes of recession."

The June unemployment figures released last week provided further evidence that the recovery is real; at the same time, they made it clear that the recovery has a long way to go before true prosperity is restored. The civilian jobless rate dropped a tenth of a point, to an even 10%, continuing a creeping but steady decline from last December's postwar record of 10.8%. The June rate was the low-

*The survey polled 1,007 registered voters by telephone from June 27 to 29. The sampling error is plus or minus 3%. When compared with results of previous TIME-Yankelovich polls, the potential sampling error is plus or minus 4.5%.



est since last August, but still higher than at any previous time since 1941. Such a slow decline in unemployment is characteristic of the early stages of recoveries; it reflects in part a return to active job seeking by people who had given up looking for work when the recession was at its worst. Some 1.1 million new jobs have been created since last December, but the number of people competing for them has grown only a bit less rapidly.

In any case, the recovery is visible enough for the poll results to give Ronald Reagan happy summer reading. The most surprising finding of the March survey was that, though the public was already beginning to turn more cheerful, the President's approval ratings were still dropping sharply. Possibly this was because many people were not yet convinced that the recovery was genuine. Now, as measurements of the economy have turned visibly more favorable, so have voter opinions about Reagan.

To be sure, 48% of those questioned have not changed their minds about the President. But 26% now think more highly of him, while 25% take a dimmer view than before. Statistically, that amounts to an even split, which in itself is a major change from March. Then, 35% had a worse impression of Reagan, while only 15% said his standing had improved in their minds. Asked to gauge the President's performance on the familiar scale of 1 to 10 (1 standing for "very poor," 10 for "excellent"), 54% of the voters this time gave him ratings from 6 to 10, while 44% chose scores from 1 to 5. That is almost exactly the opposite of the March results: 55% of those polled then accorded Reagan low ratings, while only 45% judged him favorably.

Again, the reason for the change is not hard to find. Among the majority who believe that the economy is recovering, 43% say Reagan is most responsible for the improvement. Runner-up is a feeling that "the economy goes up and down; it [the recovery] would have happened anyway" at a distant 25%. The Federal Reserve Board scored 13% and Congress 8% (behind the 11% for "not sure").

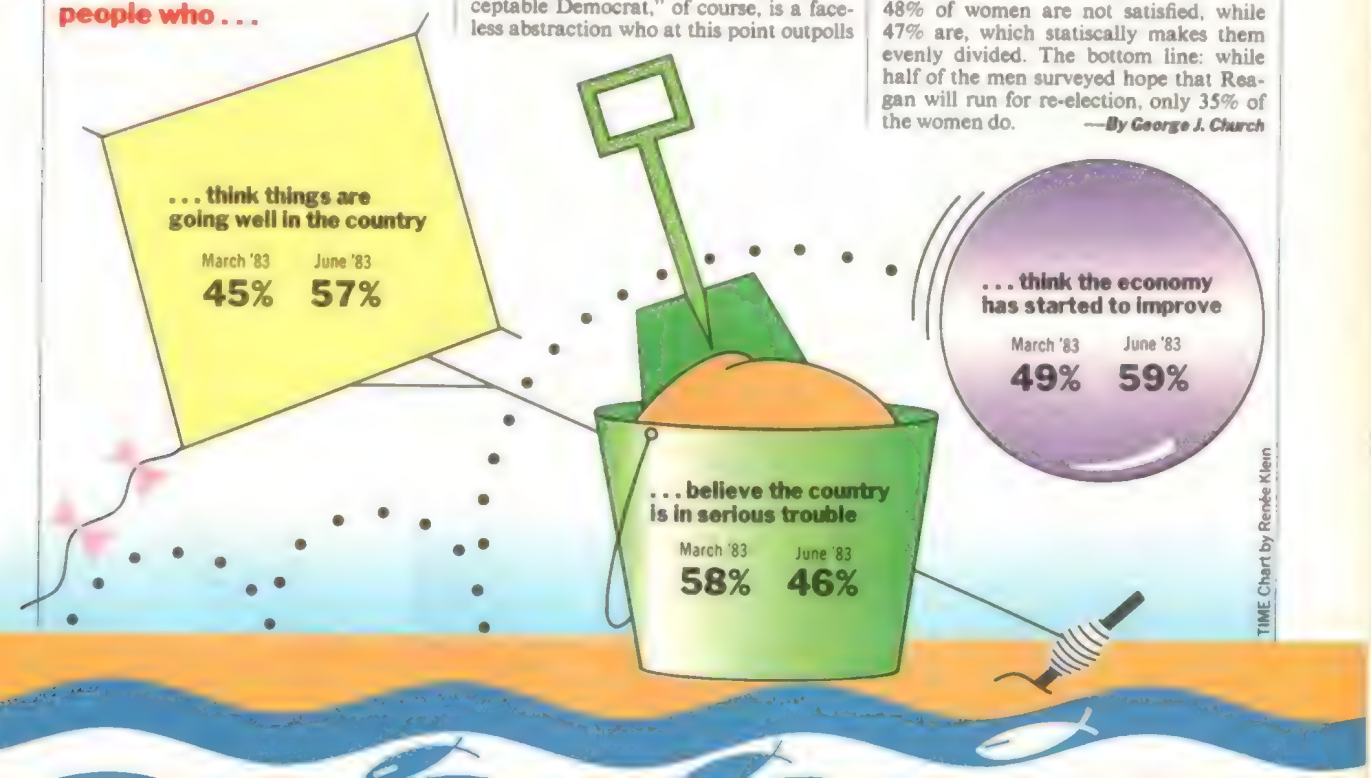
Also, the President seems to be winning converts to his view that the recession was the bitter price the nation had to pay to bring inflation under control. Some 54% of those questioned thought that the Reagan Administration has "made sufficient progress in solving inflation," while only 42% said it has not. That is a response of the highest importance to political calculations. Asked which of 15 issues would have "a lot of influence" on their choice of who should be elected President in 1984, 80% selected "policies on inflation," more than those who specified any other issue. Second place, at 75%, somewhat surprisingly went to "policies on improving education," an issue that is rising fast in public consciousness, in part because Reagan has highlighted it repeatedly in recent weeks.

Like the economy, though, the President still has a great deal of lost ground to make up. Some 54% of those polled said they would vote for "an acceptable Democrat" against Reagan next year, the same percentage as in March. The proportion choosing Reagan rose only from 27% to 30%. "An acceptable Democrat," of course, is a faceless abstraction who at this point outpolls all the flesh-and-blood Democrats competing for the White House. On a question designed as a direct measure of Reagan's appeal, those who hope the President will not run for a second term outnumber those who hope he will, as they have in each of the last six surveys. The hope-he-won't group, however, now prevails only 46% to 42%; three months earlier the split was 51% *vs.* 37%.

While giving Reagan high marks for containing inflation, the public continues to be dismayed by the slowness of the decline in unemployment. Almost exactly two-thirds of those questioned think the Administration has not made sufficient progress in reducing the jobless rate; only 29% say it has. And though they put inflation at the top of the list of 1984 election issues, many voters are more worried right now by unemployment. Asked which they were "personally more concerned" about, joblessness or rising prices, 49% of those surveyed replied "unemployment," *vs.* 35% for inflation.

In addition, Reagan continues to be viewed less favorably by female than by male voters on just about every question that the pollsters raise. Contrary to popular belief, the gender gap yawns wider on economic than on foreign policy issues. For example, large majorities of both sexes—71% of men, 64% of women—express at least some confidence that the President is dealing effectively with the Soviets on arms control. But only 53% of the women believe that the economy is improving, *vs.* 65% of the men. On Reagan's strongest issue, inflation, the division is even more striking. Men are satisfied with Reagan's progress in bringing price rises under control, 61% to 35%; but 48% of women are not satisfied, while 47% are, which statiscally makes them evenly divided. The bottom line: while half of the men surveyed hope that Reagan will run for re-election, only 35% of the women do.

—By George J. Church



Glenn riding high in Clear Lake, Iowa: evoking a sense of traditional values that he hopes will appeal to a broad-based constituency

Straws Blowing in the Wind

With a year to go, the Democratic hopefuls are out and hustling

The results in San Antonio were interesting, but the procedure was highly unorthodox. Ohio Senator John Glenn trounced former Vice President Walter Mondale in a straw poll 452 votes to 108, with the rest of the field far behind. In contrast to other symbolic showdowns among Democratic presidential contenders, the one held by party regulars at the Villita assembly hall was followed by Breathalyzer tests to make sure the voters were sober enough to drive home. Their "votes" consisted of buying $5 margarita cocktails in the name of their favorite candidate. For Colorado Senator Gary Hart, whose Texas backers drank only 39 margaritas in his behalf, it was a setback after he had leaped into contention at a showdown in Senator Alan Cranston's home state of California. In the candidates' division of the Calaveras County Jumping Frog contest, Hart's frog surprised pundits by leaving the rest of the pack in the dust.

It is exactly a year before 3,923 Democratic delegates will descend on San Francisco to choose their party's presidential nominee. But already the contenders are being ranked in a series of surveys and straw polls (some perhaps no more enlightening than a round of margaritas, but anxiously studied nonetheless). This month is filled with "cattle show" appearances before key political groups: the Sierra Club and the National Education Association a week ago, the National Women's Political Caucus this past weekend, the N.A.A.C.P. this week, the National Council of Senior Citizens later in the month. The fall will bring more straw polls, with key contests, so to speak, in New Jersey, Maine and Florida.

Why does it all begin so soon? Partly because of reforms designed, ironically, to abbreviate the process. By "frontloading" the primaries into March of election year, officials have forced candidates to try to build in advance a large base of national support rather than focus on a few early contests. "With 2,000 delegates to be chosen in three weeks, you've got to get your money and political support in 1983," explains Sergio Bendixen, the manager of Cranston's campaign. Says Hart: "It's a highly specialized effort at this point aimed at active Democrats who are concerned with the political process."

The prolonged procedure is not kind to front runners. Mondale, the fastest out of the gate, has been the first to run into difficulties. "Mondale is suffering frontrunner blight," says Wisconsin Democratic Chairman Matthew Flynn. "There are very high expectations for him, and when he stumbles a bit the criticism seems to echo." After slipping slightly in public opinion surveys and being topped by Cranston in a June straw poll of party activists in Wisconsin, Mondale has attracted withering scrutiny. Is he too beholden to special-interest groups? Can he conquer his image of outdated liberalism? Is he the most electable challenger to Ronald Reagan? Pollster Patrick Caddell, a colleague and occasional antagonist of Mondale's in the Carter White House, says bluntly, "He's vulnerable. Can he excite people enough to central themes?"

Mondale, an avid fisherman, went on an early-July trip with his family, seeking trout and pike on the Minnesota-Canada border while staying in a rustic cabin with no electricity, phone or running water. But he cut short the vacation at the end of last week to cast his lines before the women's political convention in San Antonio and the N.A.A.C.P. meeting in New Orleans. His political advisers have been trying to find central issues for his campaign; recently Mondale has been focusing on education, arguing that the nation's schools require a restoration of the federal funding that Reagan has cut (see EDUCATION).

The main beneficiary of Mondale's slippage has been Glenn, whose amiability and hero's aura exert a quiet, steady appeal. A new TIME poll conducted by Yankelovich, Skelly and White Inc., which asked Democrats and independents their preference among the six declared candidates, shows Glenn with

BROWNE — PICTURE GROUP

Cranston at Puget Sound: staking out the freeze issue

26% support, drawing close to Mondale's 30% rating. This is an increase of 5 percentage points for Glenn since last March and a decrease of 8 points for Mondale. The support for the other candidates: Cranston, 6%; Hart, 3%; former Florida Governor Reubin Askew, 2%; South Carolina Senator Ernest Hollings, 2%. Glenn, who draws more support from independents than Mondale, does even better in the poll when all voters are asked whether they find each candidate "acceptable" or "unacceptable." Glenn's acceptable/unacceptable ratio is 53% to 20%, Mondale's is 49% to 35%, Cranston's is 20% to 25%, and Hart's is 16% to 19%. (In each case the remainder were uncertain or unfamiliar with the candidates.)

"There's a wealth of good will there," says Glenn Spokesman Greg Schneiders. "But it's superficial and uninformed." Indeed, out on the campaign trail these days, the question most asked of the first American to orbit the earth is what it was like to step on the moon. (He never did.) Among the 15,000 people who turned out for the Fourth of July parade in Clear Lake, Iowa, in which Glenn rode in a 1964 Chevrolet convertible, was Jim Conrin, 63, farmer and loyal Democrat. Mondale, he said disparagingly, was "an establishment politician," but he noted of Glenn: "I like his sincerity." Rather than emphasizing specific issues or making promises to special constituencies, Glenn has concentrated on evoking a sense of traditional values that he hopes will appeal to a broad-based constituency.

Cranston, at 69 the most ebullient and energetic campaigner in the pack, has been able to make hay with the straw polls. "I love 'em," he gloats. And well he should. His straw-poll upset of Mondale in Wisconsin seemed to bear out his intense organizational effort in the state (one aide spent six weeks in a single congressional district). But thus far Cranston has been unable to attract broad popular support. As he took a Fourth of July ride on a ferry across Puget Sound to Winslow, Wash. (pop. 2,420), and paraded amid bagpipers and bellydancers there, he was met by quizzical stares from onlookers wondering who the tanned and gaunt stranger was.

Cranston has staked out the nuclear freeze issue, lacing his speeches with emotional descriptions of what the world would be like in the event of a nuclear war. This has earned him a fervent cadre of supporters, but his role as a champion of disarmament is beginning to be undercut. The other candidates have come up with more detailed proposals for arms control than Cranston, who in fact has voted in favor of the B-1 bomber (which is made in California). Moreover, as Hart remarks pointedly, "No one is going to get nominated on one issue."

Cranston's strategy of stressing a single issue and organizing early among party activists resembles that pioneered by Hart when he served as George McGovern's manager in the 1972 campaign. Hart himself has not been able to capitalize on the technique this year. He has neither rallied significant support in straw polls nor inspired issue-oriented voters with his thoughtful, detailed compilations of proposals. "If you develop a high degree of fervor early, you'll have trouble sustaining it," he says. Hart's approach is to try to build support slowly by meeting with small groups of interested voters. At the Sierra Club conference, the 45-year-old Senator urged the group to "put a man of our generation in the White House."

Although they cause campaigns to crank up artificially early, straw polls enable dark horses like Cranston to thrust themselves into the limelight. Hollings and Askew, little known outside the South and not overwhelmingly familiar even there, are still looking for such an opening. They failed to seize the opportunity presented by the recent Massachusetts and Wisconsin contests to gain the national attention they so strenuously seek. Hollings complains that too much attention has been focused on the straw polls and too little on such events as his own introduction by Congressman Dan Rostenkowski to 7,000 Cook County, Ill., Democrats as "the next President." Says Hollings: "I'll take Cook County." But for all the ideas he has been propounding (including placing a freeze on federal spending while at the same time granting all teachers a federally funded $5,000 raise), it is unlikely that Hollings will take Cook County unless he can find a device to get his campaign off the ground.

Mondale at the N.E.A.: suffering from "front-runner blight"

Straw polls, of course, are highly inaccurate reflections of voter sentiment. After Mondale lost that contest in Wisconsin, a survey of likely Democratic voters in the state showed him with 49% support, in contrast to Glenn's 20%, Cranston's 9% and Hart's 6%. Nor has Mondale's fund raising been severely affected by intimations of slippage. He has raised $5.1 million in the first half of this year, $3.1 million of it in the past three months. Glenn has raised approximately $2.5 million so far this year. Cranston, with an affluent California base to draw upon, has raised only $1.2 million, and has been spending it as fast as it comes in. Hart has collected less than $1 million, but is hoping to line up concerts by some of his supporters in the pop music world (such as Jimmy Buffett, Stephen Stills and Linda Ronstadt) to nourish his hungry treasury. Hollings also has less than $1 million in donations for the year. Askew, however, has raised $1.3 million so far, and with his low-visibility campaign has been able to put $400,000 of it in the bank.

Mondale has also been leading in endorsements from state and local officials. His biggest boost could come if, as currently expected, he wins the endorsements of the N.E.A. and the AFL-CIO. Although such overt union support might make some voters uneasy, a unified effort by organized labor could lend imposing muscle to Mondale's campaign. AFL-CIO President Lane Kirkland would like his union's decision to be made in December, but many Mondale backers are pressing for it to be moved up to October, when the organization holds its convention in Florida.

Fears that the overexposure of a long campaign could cause Mondale and his opponents all to fade have led to renewed talk about a late starter's joining the field. Says Pollster Caddell: "People will ask, 'Isn't there someone else?'" Former Party Chairman Robert Strauss speculates that the candidates might burn out before the primaries finish, leaving room for a brokered convention and a possible compromise candidate. (With only slight prodding, he drops his own name as a possibility.) Sena-

Hart at the Sierra Club: urging "a man of our generation"

tor Edward Kennedy, who last December firmly removed himself from consideration but cannot resist an occasional joke about what his role in a deadlock might be, topped all of the announced candidates when his name was included in a poll published this month by Political Strategist David Garth (25% for him, 23% for Glenn, 17% for Mondale). Arkansas Senator Dale Bumpers, another declared non-candidate, is also considered a possibility by those yearning for a new face.

The most likely seventh candidate, however, is Jesse Jackson, the Chicago civil rights activist, who is already stumping the country as if he were a candidate. When he is listed in the polls, he usually runs third, drawing about 10% support among Democrats. On a voter-registration trip to Macon, Ga., last Thursday, Jackson exhibited his prowess on a basketball court at a local recreation center and preached at a Baptist church. At the very least, he says, his candidacy could inspire blacks to register and prompt whites to focus on black concerns. "If you force these ideas onto the agenda, if the candidates must fight over who has the best affirmative-action program or program for corporate responsibility, then the dialogue shifts," he says.

Many civil rights leaders oppose the idea of organizing behind a black candidate for fear it would siphon support from liberal candidates who have a greater prospect of success. "I don't think a black candidate has a ghost of a chance to be nominated," says Executive Director Benjamin Hooks of the N.A.A.C.P. A Jackson candidacy would be a blow to Mondale, who has significant support among blacks. Jackson held private meetings with Hart and Glenn in Washington last week. Hart intimated to Jackson that he hoped the race would shape up as a mainstream quest that registers blacks rather than as a divisive contest that separates blacks from the party.

The only thing that is certain at this early stage is that all is uncertain. Dave Nagle, party chairman in Iowa, where the first caucuses will be held in seven months, estimates that 70% of the state's voters have not yet made up their minds, which is as it should be now. At this point in 1971, Edmund Muskie was the solid Democratic front runner, with George McGovern in sixth place. In the summer of 1975, voters were telling pollsters they supported Edward Kennedy, Governor George Wallace and Senator Henry Jackson, while "Jimmy Who?" was listed as an asterisk under "others." Despite all the parades and polls and straw votes, veteran Ohio Democrat Paul Tipps, now a Glenn supporter, makes a good if slightly dispiriting point. "This isn't the ball game yet," he says. "This isn't even batting practice." —*By Walter Isaacson.*

Reported by Christopher Ogden/Chicago and Evan Thomas/Washington

The Presidency/Hugh Sidey

Keeping the Nation Mesmerized

Rarely has a President so dominated the national stage as Ronald Reagan has this summer, in both controversy and success. He has Washington spooked. His supporters point to the surging economy. His adversaries cannot forget the 11 million unemployed and gleefully fan the case of the "pilfered" White House papers. In fact, almost everybody interested in the public business seems to have a singular obsession with this fumbling, amiable, enigmatic ex-actor.

Any President is the constant center of attention. But a Washington visitor on the Fourth of July weekend would have thought Reagan was a kind of laid-back god. The Washington *Post* on Sunday, July 3, normally a time to print celebrations of purple mountain majesties, scaled new Reagan heights. He dominated the front page in photograph and story, arguing gently with Environmentalist Ansel Adams. He or events around him were the topic of the day for Columnists Haynes Johnson, Mary McGrory, Joseph Kraft, *et al.* Special Contributors George Reedy and Joseph Califano, both from Lyndon Johnson's White House, weighed in on Reagan. The Style section was a poster of the smiling Reagans on vacation. The paper's Food section explored the wonders of "oatmeal meat" (fried oatmeal patties), something Reagan brought up from his Depression childhood. The biggest business story included pictures of and text about twelve worried economists trying to contrive a Democratic economic policy to counter Reagan's.

Stories from the outside world—Soviet Dissident Andrei Sakharov's letter on nuclear armaments, budget cuts for the Gorgas Memorial Institute of Tropical and Preventive Medicine, the new president of the National Education Association—somehow ended up dragging Reagan into view. Even a tiny item about Ronald Bricker, the unemployed steelworker for whom Reagan got a job at Radio Shack back in April, turned out to be less about Bricker than Reagan. Bricker quit Radio Shack because he was recalled to his better-paying steel job. A double Reagan cheer.

Reagan's prosaic and traditional Democratic opponents were nearly obliterated. Walter Mondale made it into the paper on Page 3, appearing in Detroit at a Hispanic conference. John Glenn's smiling visage was totally absent. The Washington *Post* is certainly not everything, but it is a fever chart of sorts.

There has been nothing quite like this since Franklin Roosevelt survived the court-packing controversy of 1937 and then entertained the idea of running for a third term, insists Political Specialist Richard Scammon. Then too the nation was mesmerized by the man, either his evil intentions or his genius, depending on one's persuasion. Duke University's astute James David Barber calls Reagan "the great diverter," an actor who plays to television impresarios (who, he says, tend to be gullible) by tossing out distracting ideas like New Federalism, star wars and merit pay for teachers.

Opinion Analyst Richard Wirthlin calls Reagan the only true iconoclast around Washington. Reagan challenges prevailing ideas and traditional methods, takes on powerful interest groups. Reagan alone, in Wirthlin's view, continues to rattle Washington's cupboards, and so the entire Establishment watches transfixed, either cheering or booing but, oddly, never getting really angry because Reagan still is such a nice guy.

What it all means is in question. Those Presidents who have had some success, dominated the news and kept clear of scandal have prevailed. But those Presidents so large onstage who have been shown to be woefully wrong, weak or corrupt have fallen with a mighty crash. Arthur White of pollsters Yankelovich, Skelly & White, Inc., finds that Americans, so disappointed in recent Presidents, have for the moment invested more fragile hope than ever in Ronald Reagan. It is only natural they are watching what he says and even what he eats. Anybody reared on oatmeal meat can't be all bad—or good.

On a 1909 ocean crossing, Clara Gibbs didn't quite understand what Captain Stevens meant when he warned her not to smoke.

She finally got the drift.

VIRGINIA SLIMS

You've come a long way, baby.

Fashions: Nancy Heller Designs

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Regular: 9 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine—Menthol: 8 mg "tar," 0.6 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Mar.'83.

© Philip Morris Inc. 1983

A Mole in the Garbage Can

Reagan aides spar over the Carter campaign-papers case

Washington's noisy debate over Jimmy Carter's debate book refuses to fade away. President Reagan last week made a rare appearance at a meeting of his senior aides and ordered them all to cooperate fully with Justice Department and congressional investigations into how his top 1980 campaign advisers had acquired Carter's briefing papers. He told reporters that any adviser found guilty of wrongdoing in the affair could be fired. And as FBI agents began quizzing former Reagan and Carter campaign advisers, the mystery of whether the Reagan staff had systematically sought political information from

the Carter White House was deepening.

In the finest tradition of intelligence gathering, the week's most sensational disclosure came from a garbage can. According to the Washington *Post*, an unidentified collector of campaign memorabilia had gone to Reagan headquarters in Arlington, Va., after the election to seek souvenirs. He was told that everything had been tossed out, but he was welcome to rummage in the trash cans. He filled a box with a batch of papers and last week showed some of them to the *Post*. They provided ostensible verification of a report by TIME White House Correspondent Laurence Barrett in his new book on Reagan that "a mole" had operated in the White House to help Reagan's campaign staff.

Among the papers were economic memos prepared by Carter aides for the Cabinet. Marked "*Not* for public distribution," they were attached to a covering note addressed to Reagan campaign officials "Bob Gray, Bill Casey, Ed Meese." The note was signed by a low-level Reagan volunteer, Daniel Jones. Jones had written on one of the papers: "Bob—Report from White House mole." Another Jones note to Gray, Casey and Meese included the final week of Carter's campaign schedule, labeled by Jones the "latest information from reliable White House mole." Jones, now a Washington stockbroker, told the *Post*, "You found the author. I can't deny it. You've got the documents."

Gray, who had been communications director on the Reagan campaign staff, conceded that he may have seen the Jones memos, but he contended that Jones had no stature on the staff and no credibility. "I think those papers went from the garbage can of the Carter White House to the garbage can of the Reagan campaign," Gray scoffed. Indeed, the economic memos appeared routine and Carter had released his final campaign itinerary to reporters two days before Jones passed it to Gray.

Still, if a mole did operate within Carter's staff, it is certainly possible that he or she also supplied information not found in the garbage can. Jones claimed that he had met his Carter source only once and had not even learned "his" name, but promised to help the FBI identify the person if asked to do so. The fact that Jones' memos were addressed to such senior aides as Meese, now Counsellor to the President, and Casey, who is CIA director, complicated their attempts to isolate themselves from the brouhaha. Declared Meese: "I do not have any recollection of any memo from Jones or anyone else that mentioned a mole in the White House."

As for Casey, he took the unusual step of walking into the Washington bureau of the New York *Times*, sitting down with three reporters, and claiming that he would never have used Carter documents to help Reagan, whose campaign he directed. "I wouldn't tolerate it," Casey said of the briefing book. "I wouldn't touch it with a ten-foot pole."

Casey had been put on the spot by White House Chief of Staff James Baker, who claimed that the Carter debate papers had been given to him by Casey. Budget Director David Stockman has admitted using the papers to rehearse Reagan for the 1980 debate. Casey earlier had said that he had "no recollection" of having seen the papers. Last week, despite deriding the idea of using them, he conceded that it was possible he might have passed some papers to Baker without reading them. But he said if Baker did acquire Carter documents, Baker was "remiss" in not telling higher campaign officials about them.

Clearly, the briefing-book fuss had renewed old rivalries among the Reagan aides. Casey and Meese seemed to be trying to focus responsibility on Baker, a relative newcomer in the Reagan staff hierarchy who is viewed by the Republican right as too much of a moderating influence on the President. Meese, however, cannot separate himself that neatly from another instance of Carter White House information reaching the Reagan election staff. Richard Allen, Reagan's former National Security Adviser, has admitted receiving on three occasions what he calls "innocuous, trite, useless, nonsubstantive, nonclassified and unsolicited material" from Carter's National Security Council. At the time, Allen reported directly to Meese. Allen gave the name of his NSC source to a House subcommittee headed by Democrat Donald Albosta, which is probing the affair, but he refused to divulge it publicly.

The apparent multiple sources of Carter campaign papers reaching the Reagan team, however trivial much of them seemed to be, fed the suspicion of those with a conspiratorial bent that a political espionage operation may have been conducted by the Reagan aides. To Washington *Post* Columnist Mary McGrory, the incident reinforced her theory that "Republicans think of political campaigns as war—in contrast to Democrats, who see them as sporting events."

A staff member of the Albosta subcommittee doubts that a Reagan campaign spying operation will be found. Said he: "It's gone beyond something just coming over the transom, but we don't see it heading into a major organized effort." Meantime, for the majority of the press, most Democrats and those Washington officials not directly involved, the "*Who* Stole the Briefing Book?" story remained primarily a summertime diversion from their usual heavy arguments over nuclear arms control and what to do about El Salvador. —*By Ed Magnuson. Reported by Douglas Brew/Washington*

Viet Nam Vet Robert Sutton flanked by his lawyers, Victor John Yannacone Jr. and David Dean

No Longer So Secret an Agent

Court documents reveal manufacturers knew dioxin's perils

When the flamethrower on the Navy gunboat burned off foliage along the riverbank of the Mekong Delta in Viet Nam in 1967, recalls Robert Sutton, a ship's gunner, "I inhaled the fumes of the foliage that had been killed by Agent Orange." Before long, he says, he began suffering from diarrhea, vomiting and headaches, and in 1969 was given an honorable discharge. Back in West Babylon, N.Y., the veteran's health deteriorated rapidly; today the unemployed steam fitter's ailments include brain lesions and degenerative joint disease.

In court in Uniondale, N.Y., last week, Sutton partook of a bittersweet victory. U.S. District Court Judge George C. Pratt ordered the opening of heretofore sealed documents gathered for a multibillion-dollar lawsuit by some 20,000 Viet Nam veterans and their relatives against Dow Chemical and four other companies that manufactured Agent Orange. One of the substances present in the herbicide, used in the Viet Nam War to defoliate enemy crops and jungle hiding places, is the dangerous chemical dioxin. The documents reveal that Dow officials had knowledge even before the mid-1960s that exposure to dioxin might cause people to become seriously ill. Even so, the company continued to sell herbicides containing dioxin.

In a confidential letter written in 1965, during a time when the Government was purchasing millions of pounds of Agent Orange, Dow's toxicology director wrote to another Dow official that dioxin "is exceptionally toxic; it has tremendous potential for producing chloracne [an ugly skin disease] and systemic injury . . . I trust that you will be very judicious in your use of this information. It could be quite embarrassing if it were misinterpreted or misused." A postscript added, "Under no circumstances may this letter be reproduced, shown or sent to anyone outside of Dow."

Following a 1964 dioxin spill and outbreak of chloracne at Dow's Midland, Mich., plant and complaints from consumers, Dow met with other chemical companies to discuss "problems of health" associated with dioxin. Dow says that the get-together was an attempt to police the industry from within and coordinate methods to keep the level of dioxin in Agent Orange below the danger point. In 1970 Dow recommended to then Defense Secretary Melvin Laird that the Government set a safer maximum level of dioxin content in Agent Orange.

Dow maintains that even before this warning, top U.S. officials already knew the hazards of dioxin in Agent Orange from the Government's own research and that as a Government contractor, the company was simply filling an order. The federal court documents show that in 1967 the Joint Chiefs of Staff reviewed a Rand Corp. warning about the herbicide but discounted it and continued the spraying, believed by the military to be essential to the war effort, for an additional 2½ years. Yet the Pentagon is on record as having ordered Agent Orange from Dow and others specifically on the basis that it would not be harmful to humans. Military leaders said they only learned that the herbicide contained the highly toxic dioxin in 1970, when Dow told them.

Besides Dow, which was the Government's main supplier, the defendants in the Agent Orange case include the Monsanto Co. of St. Louis, the Diamond Shamrock Corp. of Dallas, Uniroyal Inc. of Middlebury, Conn., and T.H. Agriculture and Nutrition Co. Inc. of Kansas City. The case, now in pretrial hearings, is not expected to go before a jury until next year. "It's been all cloak and dagger," says ex-Navyman Sutton, "but I think the truth is finally coming out." No doubt, but some truths may continue to prove elusive: while scientific studies have shown that dioxin is fatal to laboratory animals even in minute quantities, its effects on humans are still a matter of considerable debate among experts. ■

Color Bind

Louisiana reforms—sort of

"Louisiana was made the laughingstock of the nation," says Lee Frazier, a Democratic state representative from New Orleans. "Laughingstock" may be charitable: the source of embarrassment was a retrograde Louisiana statute, passed only 13 years ago, that stipulated that a person is "nonwhite" if his racial makeup includes more than one thirty-second "Negro blood." Last week Republican Governor David Treen signed a bill, drafted by Frazier, that repeals the 1970 statute and requires the state from now on to accept parents' designation of a child's race. The change is not retroactive, however, so the air in Louisiana has not quite been cleared. But for the first time in U.S. history, no state has any explicit racial calculus written into law.

Louisiana's one thirty-second standard had been originally intended as a reform. It superseded the state courts' longstanding practice of defining a black as someone with "any traceable amount" of "colored" ancestry. The one thirty-second provision automatically made thousands of fractionally black Louisianians legally white. Aside from the plain repugnance of any such law, blacks in particular objected to the implication that to be white is preferable.

The Frazier law will not clear up some other outstanding legal problems, in particular those of Susie Phipps, though it was her well-publicized legal fight over her racial label that had prompted the legislative change. Phipps, 49, whose great-great-great-great-grandmother was an 18th century black slave, is "colored" according to the state of Louisiana. Phipps, who is married to a wealthy white crawfish merchant, only found that out in 1977, when she applied for a passport and learned that her birth certificate called her colored. She claims she has always considered herself white.

Susie Phipps

Her case was not resolved last week, since the repeal is not retroactive. Furthermore, another new law, passed just prior to the repeal, provides that a citizen contesting his or her racial classification must present "a preponderance of evidence" showing that the birth certificate is wrong.

A state court judge in May upheld Louisiana's contention that Phipps is black, persuaded by the state's claims that, as a child, Phipps attended a black school and sat in the church section reserved for blacks. Her lawyer, Brian Begue, expects the state appeals court to rule in the fall. "This case is a testing ground," he says, "for deciding what makes you black—and whether you need to know at all." ■

The all-new 1984 Ford Tempo

Style and technology in total harmony.

Form follows function.

In its creation of Tempo, Ford set out to design a car that would prove that a spacious interior, comfort and performance could be compatible with fuel efficiency.

Ford engineers began with a sound design principle: Form follows function.

First came completely new functional ideas.

And then Tempo's pleasing form followed–naturally.

Designed by a world leader in aerodynamics.

Ford is an acknowledged world leader in aerodynamic design.

And Ford's aerodynamic expertise is well expressed in the '84 Tempo.

Aerodynamic design can have a profound effect on the performance of any car.

No more than six horsepower is needed for Tempo to overcome air resistance at 50 mph.

This results in less fuel consumed.

And impressive fuel economy figures are not the only result. The airflow is directed to reduce lift for improved stability and directional control.

The world's most advanced automotive computer.

If you've ever had your car's engine buck and stall on a cold morning…or choke up on a hot day…or had *any* irregular power output due to weather, temperature or altitude–you'll appreciate the capabilities of Tempo's new EEC-IV computer.

Available in 2-door (above) and 4-door (at right)

COMPUTER FUNCTIONS

- Pedal Position
- Fuel Air Mixture
- Spark Advance
- Intake-Air Temp.
- Engine Speed
- Crankshaft Position
- Engine Coolant Temp.
- Amount of O_2 in Exhaust Gas

EEC-IV (Electronic Engine Control) monitors and controls engine operation *precisely* and *instantly* under *any* conditions for optimum power output and fuel efficiency.

New Powertrain.

Developed specifically for Tempo, the 2300 HSC (High Swirl Combustion) four-cylinder engine works in concert with the EEC-IV computer.

This high-compression (9-to-1) engine generates 84 horsepower at 4400 rpm.† There's a surprisingly quick power response to even slight throttle pressure.

Available with 4-speed, 5-speed or automatic transaxles.

High mileage.*

Although EPA mileage ratings were not available at the time of publication, Ford Engineering tests project 42 estimated highway and 28 estimated mpg.*

Ride and handling.

Tempo's front-wheel-drive design not only delivers added tire-to-road traction, but provides precise handling and tight cornering.

Tempo's new-design 4-wheel independent suspension permits

each wheel to absorb road shocks independently. This results in better handling and a smooth, quiet ride.

Computer refined interior.

Computer technology and designer ingenuity have joined forces to ensure the best use of Tempo's interior space. Its five-seat configuration allows for a comfortable combination of head,

shoulder and legroom. In fact, there is more rear passenger room than a Mercedes 300D.

Quality is Job 1.

An example of Ford's commitment to quality is the closeness and uniformity of the body panel fits.

You can compare Tempo's stringent standards to those set by any European Sports Sedan.

What's under Tempo's glistening paint?

Three more full coats of tough acrylic enamel and two coats of primer.

That's almost 10 pounds of protection.

The final result: a tough, brilliant finish that is highly resistant to weather, chipping, cracking and peeling.

Pick up the Tempo of your life.

To obtain a brochure with more information on Ford's all-new sedan, see your Ford Dealer or call 1-800-[illegible]2-2100.

Based on SAE standard J1349
*The above estimates are projected Ford ratings based on Ford Engineering test data, and are expected to be very close to official EPA ratings. Use for comparison. Your mileage may differ depending on speed, distance and weather. Actual highway mileage and California ratings will probably be lower. See your Ford Dealer for a copy of the Gas Mileage Guide when available.

Get it together–Buckle up.

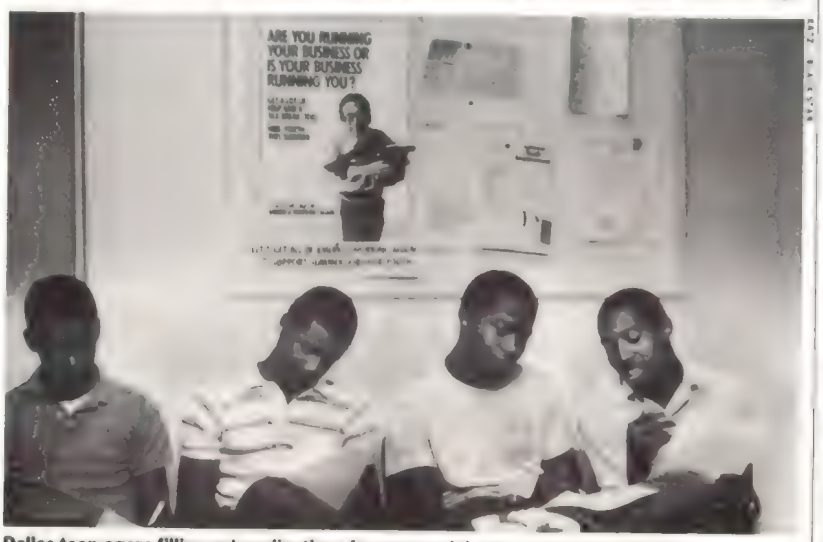
Have you driven a Ford …lately?

Ford

A Public and Private Partnership

Aided by a tax break, business works to create jobs for youths

It looked like a cleanup crew's nightmare: a noisy throng of students brandishing cans of bright-colored spray paint on San Francisco's Civic Center plaza. The youngsters were not vandals, however; they were job seekers. It was the city's third annual Paint-In, and the resulting graffiti, scrawled on large white placards destined for the municipal bus fleet, beseeched Bay Area businesses to participate in Mayor Dianne Feinstein's summer jobs program, aimed at the city's approximately 15,000 out-of-school and out-of-work young people. And for one young painter, the day produced more than urban art. Tai-Li Wang, 17, author of a design praised by a celebrity panel, won a summer graphics job at a local advertising firm. Her slogan: "We Are Your Hope. You Are Our Dream."



Dallas teen-agers filling out applications for summer jobs at a center run by businesses

"Put a youngster to work this summer for the price per hour of a cup of coffee."

Like other cities, San Francisco, with a youth jobless rate hovering between 22% and 24%, is struggling to cope with this summer's teen-age unemployment problem. "Even with all the efforts we're making, that figure doesn't seem to get lower," says Steve Arcelona, an assistant to the mayor for employment and training. The city of Dallas estimates that less than 50% of some 10,000 teen-agers looking for work will find any this summer. Already a record number of teens—4,500—have signed up with the city's summer-employment program. Says Barbara Blackburn, coordinator of the summer-jobs program in Portland, Ore.: "The need is great; it just breaks my heart."

It's summertime, and the job finding is definitely not easy for the estimated 2.3 million teen-agers who temporarily tumbled into the labor force between April and July of this year. The budding recovery has whittled the nation's civilian unemployment rate to 10%, an .8% drop from last December. For 16- to 19-year-olds, it dropped .9% from December, to 23.6% in June. Embedded in the teen-age jobless rate is a harsh 50.6% toll on black youths.

The stagnation has several causes. While federal funding for summer jobs has remained at virtually the same level since the last year of the Carter Administration, the total number of jobs created has fallen from 822,700 in fiscal 1979 to 683,000 in 1982. Two major culprits: high inflation during those years and a hike in the minimum wage from $2.90 in 1979 to $3.35 two years later. To help counter such factors, the Administration plans to spend $819.5 million for 813,000 jobs, 140,000 more positions than last year.

Most significantly, the Reagan Administration, which has lobbied unsuccessfully for a subminimum youth wage for years, has come up with a powerful way to make teen-agers attractive to business. Beginning this summer, firms hiring economically disadvantaged youths,* age 16 or 17, get a tax credit for 85% of the first $3,000 in wages paid out between May 1 and Sept. 15. "An employer can hire a young person for as little as $262 for the entire summer if he applies the tax credit," declared Albert Angrisani, Assistant Secretary for Employment and Training in the U.S. Department of Labor. In fact, at the minimum wage a business is in effect paying a youngster at the old-fashioned rate of 50¢ an hour.

The tax break has already had a discernible result in some localities. In Houston, most of the firms checking in with the city's summer youth-employment program specifically request a referral to a tax credit–qualified worker. "It's an incentive program that has done incredibly well," says Program Manager Julia Steinman. The credit is especially helpful to the small employer. "It means you don't have to take a bath if the kid doesn't work out," says Terrence Brown, whose Philadelphia-based architecture and planning firm hired four teen-age boys interested in the building trades. Says Fred Kleisner of the Greater Washington (D.C.) Board of Trade: "What it tells the private sector is that the Federal Government is willing to give them an incentive to put a youngster to work this summer for the price per hour of a cup of coffee."

Several states have added sweeteners of their own. Florida offers a 25% break on state corporate income taxes for businesses hiring low-income summer workers. Michigan, suffering from a 23.4% youth unemployment rate (38% in Detroit), passed a 15% tax credit that, when combined with the federal version, allows employers to write off up to 100% of a youth's wages.

Such tax credits have added to a growing momentum of corporate concern. A Conference Board survey of 176 large corporations found that fully 70% participated in some kind of summer-employment project last year. "Summer jobs are not charity," asserts George Weissman, chairman of Philip Morris Inc. and head of the Summer Jobs '83 program in New York City, where there are about 250,000 jobless teen-agers (40% of whom are blacks or Hispanics). "Unemployment is bad for business—more jobs mean greater consumer purchasing power." The New York program has already placed 11,000 low-income youngsters in large firms like the Metropolitan Life Insurance Co. Similar private programs are thriving in cities as economically diverse as St. Louis, Cleveland, Baltimore, Detroit and Los Angeles. In Tampa, Baseball Stars Johnny Bench, Pete Rose and Lou Piniella, as well as other celebrities, have pitched in, appearing in TV commercials to promote summer jobs for teen-agers. The Boston summer-jobs program, a coalition of 187 businesses, in conjunction with local schools, teaches "job readiness" skills like how to dress for work and prepare for an interview.

Many businessmen feel that a private-sector summer job gives a teen-ager more meaningful training than its government equivalent does. Says Ted Bruinsma, president of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, which has co-sponsored "First Break—Give a Kid a Job" for ten years: "This is a teen-ager's first glimpse of the business world. We want the experience to be a real one." —***By Susan Tifft. Reported by Ann Seruta/San Francisco and Janice C. Simpson/New York***

*Defined as those whose families have an income at or below the poverty line.

Americana

Pot Pollen

Harvest time is coming to the fertile Southwest, and with it one of its biggest cash crops will blossom in fields, along roadsides and in suburban backyard gardens: marijuana. Call the police? Sure, but don't forget the doctor. It turns out that marijuana is no friend to allergy sufferers. Dr. Geraldine Freeman, in a study published by the *Western Journal of Medicine*, finds that pot pollen may be as irritating to some respiratory systems as ragweed. In a seven-month survey of 129 patients' reactions to various substances, Freeman found that about 50% of those tested showed allergic reactions to marijuana pollen. The villain is the male pot plant. Says Freeman: "Fine pollen is produced by the male plant and released into the environment." The female pot plants? Guiltless. They do not transmit pollen.

Third City?

For years, Chicago and Los Angeles have been locked in a kind of wrestling match over which one is second only to New York in size and influence. But Chicago may now be caught in a Golden State bear hug from which it cannot escape. Statistically speaking, the Windy City may no longer be America's second city. A new population tally, conducted by Los Angeles officials but thought to be reliable, puts Los Angeles ahead by 36,222, or 3,041,294 to Chicago's 3,005,072. Not imperiled is Chicago's enduring sense of superiority over Los Angeles. Asserts Joseph Hannon, president of Chicago's convention and tourism bureau: "The bottom line is people know they can come here and still make a buck." Sniffed Chicago *Sun-Times* Columnist Mike Royko: "So, a buffalo chip is bigger than a diamond." But at least one Chicagoan has already adapted to reality. Three years ago Tricia Fox opened the Second City Day School. Now she has seven and calls them the Fox Day Schools. "I didn't want to change the name every time the city slipped," she says. "Besides, Third or Fourth City Day School just doesn't sound right."

Smear Campaign

Texas A. & M. University, founded in 1871, is the state's oldest public institution of higher education. Nevertheless, "Aggie jokes" are a Texas staple. (Sample: Did you hear about the Aggie grad who lost his job as an elevator operator? He couldn't remember the route.) But this is no joke: workmen plan to complete a $723,000 restoration of the campus' Academic Building by smearing fermented cow manure across its brick façade.

The engineering term for the process

ILLUSTRATIONS FOR TIME BY MICHAEL WITTE

is organic patination, a technique believed to have been used in ancient times to add color to buildings. Manure is fermented in water for ten days, strained and applied to the walls. It stays on for at least a month before being hosed off. The gentle acidic effect of the mixture makes new construction look old and weathered. Admits Dan Witt, A. & M.'s assistant director of facilities: "We were a little surprised by the process." But he won't be surprised by the jokes.

Press Lord

If the Waitsburg *Times* town hall reporter has a question for high city officials, he does not have to take "No comment" for an answer: the reporter is Tom Baker, 53, who happens to be the mayor. Baker is also the publisher of the *Times*, which is the sole newspaper in Waitsburg (pop. 1,035), located in southeastern Washington. Townsfolk are neither impressed nor worried by the unusual situation. Says Banker Ken Miller: "It's easy for Tom. His newspaper is only two doors down from town hall." Explains Wheat Farmer Howard Smith: "It was his turn to be mayor."

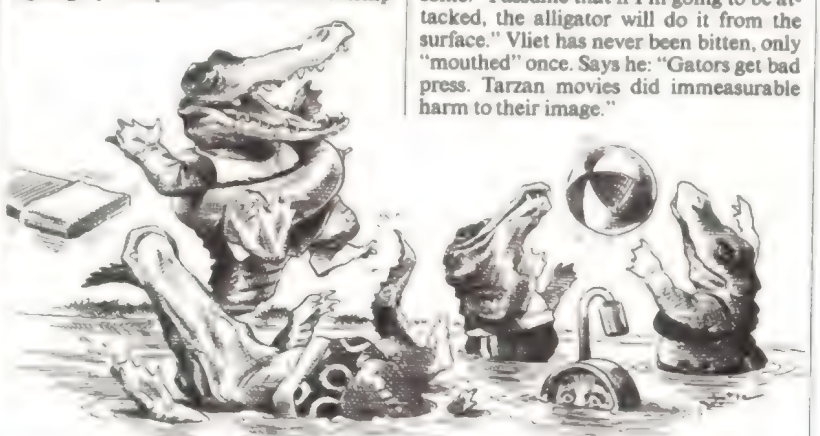
Waitsburg does not get easily riled. The town has one policeman and virtually no crime. Only 13% of the voters went to the polls in the last election; all of the town's councilmen have run unopposed for office since 1965. The mayor never gets any unfavorable publicity; the only other Waitsburg *Times* staff reporter is his son. And his name is Loyal.

That is the way Publisher and Mayor Baker likes things: "I'm like the guy in the old joke, the guy who said he only made one mistake in his life: for one brief second, he thought he was wrong."

Poor Vision—But Please, Do Not Disturb in the Morning

Tourists visiting the St. Augustine Alligator Farm in Florida sometimes discover not only *Alligator mississippiensis* in the swim. A Homo sapiens named Kent Vliet, 26, may have waded in too. With a cypress pole in hand, the University of Florida doctoral candidate in zoology usually takes the plunge in the late afternoons during the mating season. "In the morning they're a little crotchety and don't want to be bothered," he says.

On the whole, the 150 gators in the farm's breeder lake rarely seem to mind his intrusion; and after three years of cataloguing by computer some 800 courtship sequences and isolating about 40 specific behavioral acts, Vliet has come to have more sympathy for the creatures. If it is difficult for a nonspecialist to tell male gators from females, it can apparently be hard for the gators too. To examine prospective mates, they slowly bump nose-to-nose or nose-to-head-and-neck, or else try submerging each other in a lugubrious contest of love. "I can swim to within five feet of a courting pair if I do it slowly and stay low in the water," Vliet says. Because of their poor underwater vision, submerged gators are not so worrisome: "I assume that if I'm going to be attacked, the alligator will do it from the surface." Vliet has never been bitten, only "mouthed" once. Says he: "Gators get bad press. Tarzan movies did immeasurable harm to their image."



The day before he would have met the rebels, U.S. Special Envoy Richard Stone huddles with Salvadoran President Alvaro Magaña

World

CENTRAL AMERICA

Frustration in Costa Rica

The U.S. tries to hold high-level talks with Salvadoran guerrillas

The most recent buzzword favored by the Reagan Administration in explaining its strategy toward Central America is "symmetry." The term ties together the problems of the region's two most serious trouble spots, El Salvador and Nicaragua. By symmetry, the Administration means that it intends to do unto the leftist Sandinista government of Nicaragua precisely what it believes the Sandinistas are doing to the U.S.-supported government of El Salvador: aid the guerrillas who seek its overthrow. The strategy is to reach the point at which governments and insurgents in both El Salvador and Nicaragua will join in a cease-fire, followed by negotiations and then free elections.

So far Washington's two-track approach—promoting negotiations in each country while giving military support to the government in El Salvador and the guerrillas in Nicaragua—has met with little success. In the past fortnight, two events took place in Costa Rica, a neutral neighbor, that illustrate both the hope and the frustration of finding a peaceful solution to the region's two civil wars. The first event: four noted Nicaraguan dissidents, who are opponents of the Sandinistas but are not associated with U.S.-backed guerrillas, offered to act as intermediaries between the Nicaraguan government and the insurgents in bringing about a national conciliation. The second, and potentially the more dramatic development: Costa Rican President Luis Alberto Monge worked secretly to arrange a meeting late last week between President Reagan's special envoy Richard Stone and leaders of the Salvadoran guerrillas who have frustrated U.S. policy for more than three years—only to have his guests fail at the last minute to agree on terms that would allow them to sit down with each other.

With U.S. Ambassador to El Salvador Hinton

Monge presides over the most successful democracy in Central America *(see box)*. But because his country, which has no army, borders Nicaragua, Monge is feeling vulnerable to the spread of violence. Part of his hope in planning last week's meeting, which would have been the first direct high-level contact between the Reagan Administration and the Salvadoran guerrillas, was that it could lead to a negotiated settlement in Nicaragua as well as El Salvador.

After elaborate, extraordinarily secret preparations, the meeting was set to take place Saturday in a small house outside San José in a white-walled, tile-floored room furnished only with chairs and a conference table. Stone and a handful of aides had arrived in town the night before and repaired to the U.S. Ambassador's residence. From there they negotiated fruitlessly all day Saturday, using Monge as an intermediary, with a group of Salvadoran leftists located in the house where the meeting was to take place. The rebels had been assembled by Guillermo Manuel Ungo, the Mexico City–based president of the Revolutionary Democratic Front (F.D.R.), the umbrella political group allied with insurgents who are fighting the government of President Alvaro Magaña.

In the past, Ungo had said that he was willing to enter into "unconditional" discussions with the U.S. The guerrillas' goal, however, has always been power sharing, not just a chance to participate in an election campaign in which the security of their candidates, not to mention their supporters, would be at serious risk. Nonetheless, Ungo's ability to gather a delegation in Costa Rica led to cautious speculation in Washington and San Salvador that the guerrillas might yet agree to take their chances in the political arena. Among those accompanying Ungo to Costa Rica were Rubén Zamora of the F.D.R. and Mario López and Mario Aguinada of the Faribundo Martí National Liberation Front (F.M.L.N.).

In an interview with TIME in Mexico City two days before the meeting was set to take place, Hector Oqueli, a top official of the F.D.R., conveyed the impression that the rebels were hopeful about the symbolism of the encounter. Said he: "For the first time, we will be talking to each other officially. No matter what happens, that is important." Oqueli stressed that the rebels were not interested in participating in elections except as an aspect of "a larger negotiated settlement." As for the question of their security during an election campaign, he declared: "Security for whom? It's not a problem of bodyguards. It's a problem of a democratic society, of security for the whole population." Nor did he accept the U.S. theory of symmetry in solving the region's difficulties. Said he: "We do not agree with the thesis that the solution for Central America has to be a regional one. The situation in Central America is a minefield. You have to deactivate the mines one by one. You cannot deactivate the entire field at once."

Oqueli said the guerrillas were better prepared for negotiations than the rightists and centrists, because the leftists were more united. Using a baseball analogy, he said: "We are ready to play a game, and we are ready with nine players." As for his opponents, he continued, "they lack a

F.D.R. Spokesman Zamora

Costa Rican President Monge

pitcher who carries with him even 60% of the players. And then there is the question of the team's manager, the U.S."

Though the meeting did not take place, the fact that the two sides came to Costa Rica at all raised the possibility of subtle but potentially significant shifts in the positions of the U.S., the Salvadoran guerrillas and the equally important absentee party, the Salvadoran government. The Reagan Administration had for a long time refused to talk directly with the guerrillas, saying that they must first lay down their arms and enter the political process by fielding candidates for the elections. Though that line has softened somewhat in recent months, Stone still insisted last week that he would not be "negotiating" with the guerrillas but would merely try to persuade them to negotiate with the Salvadoran government. The distinction was a fine one, but legitimate, the intent being to press forward with existing policy while at the same time demonstrating flexibility. By accepting Monge's invitation, the Administration hoped both to assuage its opponents on Capitol Hill and to place more of the onus for peacemaking on the Salvadoran guerrillas.

The political figure who had the most to lose from last week's gamble was Salvadoran President Magaña. Yet Magaña was not present in Costa Rica. Just as the U.S. doubts whether Ungo can deliver his fighting comrades to the negotiating process, there is a question as to whether Magaña can maintain the support of the Salvadoran military and the right wing. Rightist elements in the military have repeatedly emphasized that they are fearful of being sold out by centrist politicians in the name of a "dialogue" with the rebels.

For this reason, Stone's stopover in San Salvador was a crucial prelude to the talks he hoped to have in Costa Rica. Apparently he convinced Magaña and other Salvadoran leaders that the U.S. would not be sacrificing their cause and that the planned meeting in San José could be valuable. Neither Magaña nor any other prominent officeholder objected publicly to the meeting, and even Roberto d'Aubuisson, leader of the far-right Republican Nationalist Alliance (ARENA) declared, "If [Stone] thinks it convenient to talk to the guerrillas and give us his recommendations, let him do it."

Stone went to San José to persuade the rebels to enter into direct negotiations with Magaña. U.S. officials had said previously that if the guerrillas would agree to a political settlement in which their share of power would depend on their performance in elections, the U.S. might do something useful for them: use its influence with the Salvadoran government to postpone the elections from November or December until a later date, thereby giving the guerrillas a better chance to make the transition from fighters to candidates.

A week earlier, even as the Costa Rican government was making preparations for last Saturday's failed meeting, the four Nicaraguan dissidents had announced in San José an "initiative" to try to end the civil war in their own country. The offer was significant because all four are prominent Nicaraguans who had been active in the insurrection against Dictator Anastasio Somoza Debayle, were once colleagues of the Sandinistas and today live in exile. The men are Arturo Cruz, the former junta member and Nicaraguan Ambassador to Washington who quit in November 1981; Alfredo César, who like Cruz was once head of the central bank, and two other former government officials, Leonel Poveda and Angel Navarro. Though they are not affiliated with the anti-Sandinista guerrilla movements and in fact are calling for a "nonviolent" settlement to the fighting, the four have close ties with some factions of the Nicaraguan opposition, including the guerrillas, and might be able to hold out for terms that could end the fight-

Salvadoran Rebel Leader Ungo

ing: a halt in the Sandinistas' current efforts to establish totalitarian control over the country, and elections leading to a genuinely pluralistic government.

In an interview with TIME in San José last week, César spoke at length about the origin and purpose of the initiative. Said he: "What we are calling for is a 'civic struggle' to rescue and recover the two original objectives of our revolution, nationalism and democracy. By civic struggle I mean protests, strikes, slowdowns, not armed resistance. But it is important that we resist the sovietization of the revolution: tight control over the press, over political and labor organizations, over private initiative, even over personal and family activities. We fear that unless something is done, there will be a major armed confrontation around the Nicaraguan problem, a confrontation that could spread throughout the region. We may be approaching our last chance to avoid a war between Nicaragua and Honduras, a war that could involve as many as six other countries in the region. We are hoping that the leaders in Nicaragua will talk with us to head off that nightmare."

One such nightmare scenario, according to some supporters of the initiative, begins with speculation that as attacks continue from anti-Sandinista guerrillas based in Honduras, Nicaragua might eventually be provoked into invading Honduras or at least forced to carry out prolonged hot-pursuit missions into Honduran territory. This in turn could trigger a quantum leap in U.S. military involvement, including the supply to Honduras of large numbers of fighters and fighter-bombers, and a blockade between Cuba and the Central American isthmus.

The dissidents hope that the Nicaraguan government, which understands the limitations of Cuban aid, will recognize how dangerous the situation is and respond favorably to their initiative. So far, their ideas have been endorsed by the governments of Costa Rica, Venezuela and Spain, and by a Nicaraguan resistance leader who described the four men as "patriots" who had made the Nicaraguan government an offer that he thought could well be acceptable to both sides. By week's end the Sandinistas had not replied.

The last-minute breakdown in Stone's rendezvous with the Salvadoran leftists was a setback for the symmetry strategy. If the encounter had come off, it would have demonstrated a new U.S. flexibility toward the region, thereby strengthening the Administration's hand in seeking wider support for its Central American policy. But by literally going the last mile to make peace, Stone may have bought some more time for that policy, even if he found frustration at his destination and will have to try again, in San José or somewhere else along the diplomatic high road. *—By William E. Smith.*

Reported by Strobe Talbott/Washington and James Wilhwerth/San José

An Apt and Able Middleman

Costa Rican President Luis Alberto Monge Alvarez, 57, was inaugurating a new agricultural reform project last week at the village of Cipreses outside San José. He was in the midst of his speech when the ground began to shake. In a matter of minutes, the earthquake was over and Monge finished his remarks. Afterward, climbing behind the wheel of a white Landcruiser, he smiled and cracked, "I speak and the earth moves, yet my opponents say I lack charisma!"

It is political earthquakes that Monge has had to worry about most since assuming office a little more than a year ago. Like Honduras, Costa Rica feels particularly threatened by Central America's growing militarization and ideological polarization. Monge and other Costa Rican officials must be especially careful not to appear too much in the pocket of Uncle Sam. Monge stresses what might be called the liberal critique of the Central American crisis. As he told TIME Diplomatic Correspondent Strobe Talbott last week: "For decades there has been repression of the people of Central America by oligarchs. This has created a serious dilemma for the U.S. Is it going to support unpopular oligarchs against guerrillas controlled by the Marxist-Leninists? Costa Rica wants to be identified with whatever chance there is for a peaceful solution to the problems of the region."

Monge on the campaign trail

Costa Rica is Central America's stablest democracy. It does not have an army: that institution was abolished in 1949, and order is maintained largely by 7,000 lightly armed civil and rural guardsmen. The country's 1982 per capita income of $1,164 is the second highest, after Panama, in Central America, and its society is largely lacking in the unhealthy extremes of wealth and poverty that afflict Guatemala and El Salvador.

Despite those advantages, Costa Rica is a land of anxiety. It is, for one thing, virtually bankrupt. In the past two years, the colón has been devalued by almost 600%, and the country shows few signs of being able to repay an estimated $4.2 billion in foreign debt. While still relatively tranquil, Costa Rica has begun to experience tremors of violence that in some cases can be traced to the leftist Sandinista government of Nicaragua, whose rise Costa Ricans enthusiastically abetted. Providing sanctuary and financial support for the Sandinistas during their 1979 revolution was a top priority of Monge's predecessor, Rodrigo Carazo Odio. Now, however, Monge is convinced that Nicaragua is becoming increasingly repressive and dangerously dependent on the Soviets and the Cubans.

As a result of that change in attitude, Costa Rica has become a haven for refugees from the Sandinista regime, a role that has not gone unnoticed in Nicaragua. In recent weeks, Sandinista-inspired agents have been arming and instigating Costa Rican squatters to take over land in the area of Guápiles, 25 miles northeast of San José, the capital. A Sandinista agent two weeks ago tried to plant a bomb in the Costa Rican headquarters of a Nicaraguan dissident group. The device exploded prematurely, killing the agent.

In manner and speech, Monge is not a crowd-stunning kind of politician. Yet he and his National Liberation Party were swept into power with 57.3% of the vote in February 1982. A lifelong social democrat and veteran labor organizer, Monge has introduced a financial austerity program that has helped bring inflation down from 100% to 22%. He has also strengthened ties to the U.S. In recognition, Washington is giving Costa Rica $145 million in aid this year.

But their economy is still sicker and their neighbors more threatening than Costa Ricans would like. Some opposition groups and segments of the press have begun attacking Monge as indecisive and too subservient to the U.S. Yet his accomplishments so far are impressive by almost any standard. Says an admiring U.S. official in San José: "Once in a great while the right man comes along."

METROPOLITAN. THE ONLY INSURANCE COMPANIES YOU MAY EVER NEED.

It's not uncommon for one family to have a variety of insurance policies from a variety of insurance companies.

But there is an alternative. You can satisfy your insurance needs through one source: Metropolitan Insurance Companies.

We protect over 47 million people not only with life insurance, but also with insurance plans for their health, auto, home and retirement.*

And we continue to offer new products and innovative ideas.

For example, our Whole Life *Plus* coverage gives you one of the best buys in permanent insurance protection. A Metropolitan homeowner policy may save you money by offering flexible deductibles, while a Metropolitan IRA helps provide for a more secure retirement with guaranteed principal.

And when we surveyed auto policyholders, 89 percent of the respondents expressed satisfaction with the speed and efficiency of our claims service.

But most importantly, when you deal with Metropolitan, you deal with a trained professional who can help you with your individual needs. If you'd like this kind of service, convenience and commitment from an insurance leader, just call your Metropolitan representative.

It's good to know that no matter what happens, Metropolitan will really stand by you.

Metropolitan Insurance Companies

METROPOLITAN REALLY STANDS BY YOU.

Life/Health/Auto/Home/Retirement

© 1983 Metropolitan Life Insurance Co., N.Y. N.Y. Metropolitan
Metropolitan General Insurance Co., Warwick, R.I.

How to tame your data.

To soothe the savage information beast, a businessperson could use the IBM Personal Computer XT.

Because with XT's 10-million-character fixed disk drive and IBM data management software *specifically* designed to complement the hardware, you can whip thousands of names and numbers into more manageable shape. (Helping you get a better shot at the lion's share.)

Use IBM PFS:FILE* to generate a "form" on the screen. Customize it by putting pertinent data in the blank spaces provided.

Then use IBM PFS:REPORT to sort, organize, search, update, store and print the facts with ease.

To learn more about how the IBM Personal Computer XT can help you more efficiently handle many high-volume applications, visit your authorized IBM Personal Computer retail dealer.

IBM

The IBM Personal Computer
A tool for modern times

* PFS is a registered trademark of Software Publishing Corporation

The IBM Personal Computer. See it at a store near you:

ILLINOIS

ARLINGTON HEIGHTS
ComputerLand
Sears Business Systems Center

BLOOMINGTON
ComputerLand

BUFFALO GROVE
CompuShop
Entré Computer Center

CARBONDALE
ComputerMart

CHAMPAIGN
ComputerLand

CHICAGO
CompuShop
ComputerLand Stores
Entré Computer Center
IBM Product Centers

DECATUR
Main Street Computer Company

DEERFIELD
Sears Business Systems Center

DOWNERS GROVE
ComputerLand

EDWARDSVILLE
Computer Corner

ELMHURST
ComputerLand

EVANSTON
ComputerLand
Nabih's

HAVANA
Illinois Valley Computers

HOOPOLE
Vern's Farm Systems

JOLIET
ComputerLand

MIDLOTHIAN
CompuShop

MORTON GROVE
CompuShop

MUNDELEIN
ComputerLand

NAPERVILLE
ComputerLand

NILES
ComputerLand

NORTHBROOK
ComputerLand

Now the Sixth in the Remington Bronze Series ...

"THE·WICKED·PONY"

A collector's series for those who admire the sculpture of Frederic Remington

Issued in cooperation with the Buffalo Bill Historical Center, Cody, Wyoming, in an edition of 1,000, the replica is hand finished, foundry marked, numbered and dated. Three-fourths the size of the original, the replica is approximately 17½ inches high with American Walnut base.

Five years ago, Museum Collections embarked upon a program to create fine replicas of Frederic Remington's western bronzes, in strictly limited editions of 1,000.

The Value Of These Limited Edition Replica Bronzes Has Already Appreciated

No one could have predicted, when our first limited edition bronze was issued in 1978, that it would bring up to 400 percent of its original price in the secondary market.

"The Wicked Pony" Was The Third Of The Twenty-three Remington Bronzes

After the success of *The Bronco Buster*, Remington began in earnest to create his gallery of western sculpture. *The Wicked Pony* was created when Remington was just 37, and already recognized as the leading artist-chronicler of the American West.

Each Bronze In The Collection Is Numbered, Dated, And Certified

The Wicked Pony replica carries with it a Certificate of Ownership signed by the Director of the Buffalo Bill Historical Center.

You May Reserve Your Bronze Now For Delivery After The Next Casting

Each bronze in the edition is individually poured, using the lost wax process, hand finished, and mounted on its own American Walnut base.

You Can Order This Bronze With Absolute Confidence...Because We Will Refund The Issue Price, In Full, Any Time Within One Year Of Purchase

This guarantee is unequivocal...simply return the bronze any time within one year of purchase, and you'll receive an immediate refund of the issue price of $1925. Non refundable shipping and handling charge: $25.

museum collections

To Order: Call Toll Free 800-243-4492, or write Frederick H. Schulenburg, Director, Museum Collections, Dept. R63, 140 Greenwich Ave., Greenwich, CT 06830 for brochure. You may pay by check, money order or major credit card. Optional five month payment plan available.

SOUTHERN COMFORT

"This is our time of day. The quiet time... when I make her favorite, a Comfort sour, and pour a little Southern Comfort on some rocks for me. Then I kick off my shoes and put my feet up. After all.. everyone needs a little Comfort."

OPPORTUNITY WITHOUT RISK.

The biggest improvement in 40 years has made U.S. Savings Bonds an ideal investment.

A variable interest rate lets you share in rates offered by today's securities market. No limit on how much you might earn.

What makes this improved Bond ideal is that you're protected by a guaranteed minimum. And if the Bond is held to maturity, you'll double your money.

Take stock in America.

UNITED STATES SAVINGS BONDS

Ad Council

NUMBER ONE AND STILL CLIMBING!

TOUGH FORD FULL-SIZE 4x4

Ford toughness and innovation drive our F-Series 4-wheelers to the top. Now two trim sizes join America's best-selling* full-size 4x4 pickups: Bronco II and Ranger.

*Based on registration data for 1983 model year [illegible] December, 1982.

Ford

NEW FORD BRONCO II

The perfect size for 4-wheeling! Turns in less space than Chevy S-10 Blazer, seats 4 in comfort. V-6 engine is standard, with power S-10 can't match... the power you need for 4-wheeling fun!

FORD RANGER 4x4

The best-selling [illegible] pickup now offers the most powerful V-6 [illegible] Beats Chevy S-10 in horsepower, [illegible] OFF-ROAD Magazine's "4x4 Truck of the Year."† †Based on calendar year registrations through December, 1982.

Get it together–Buckle up

AMERICA'S TRUCK

BUILT FORD TOUGH

MIDDLE EAST

Was This Trip Necessary?

Shultz's hasty tour of major capitals brings minor results

With Assad in Damascus: an argument over troop withdrawal that went "round and round"

When George Shultz began his diplomatic hopscotch across the Middle East last week, he candidly admitted that he did not expect much to come of it. The results seem to have lived down to his expectations fully. In Damascus, Syrian President Hafez Assad told the Secretary of State privately what he has been saying publicly for two months: Syria adamantly opposes the agreement worked out last May calling for Israel to withdraw its troops from Lebanon, and therefore Syria refuses to pull out its own forces. Admitted Shultz at trip's end: "I can't point to any substantive achievement."

The outlook for a settlement in Lebanon has now turned gloomier. Faced with Syrian intransigence, Israeli officials informed Shultz last week of their plans to pull back their troops to more defensible positions within Lebanon. Such a maneuver, however, could take some of the pressure off Damascus toward any move at all and invite renewed fighting between Christians and Druze in the Chouf Mountains southeast of Beirut. Worse yet, the redeployment could lead to a *de facto* partition of Lebanon between Israel and Syria, with a weakened Lebanese government in control only of Beirut.

The Shultz mission was hastily hatched. When the Secretary of State embarked on a twelve-day swing through Asia three weeks ago, he dispatched Special Envoy Philip Habib to judge whether a Middle East side trip by Habib's boss would be worthwhile. By the time Shultz reached Pakistan, his last stop in Asia, senior White House aides decided that he should visit the region. They reasoned that Shultz had little to lose—and much to gain if, miraculously, his presence spurred some progress. Said an Administration official: "No one thought we had to score on this or else."

The Secretary of State stopped first in Saudi Arabia to find out how much pressure the Saudis were willing to exert on Syria. It is the holy month of Ramadan, and Shultz had to wait in Jidda while King Fahd spent the day at prayer in Mecca. The two finally met after midnight. In the course of the talks, which went on until 2:30 a.m., Saudi officials made it clear that they were not going to lean on Assad; they felt that the Israeli-Lebanese agreement favored Jerusalem.

Shultz then flew to Beirut, where, during three hours of talks, Lebanese President Amin Gemayel stressed that he was adamantly opposed to Israel's redeployment plans. Gemayel fears that the move will lead to a permanent Israeli presence on Lebanese soil and give Syria an excuse to stay put as well. The Lebanese insisted that if Israel pulled back its troops without announcing a schedule for a total withdrawal, then Beirut might scuttle its accord with Jerusalem altogether.

Next came the disappointment in Damascus. After a five-hour meeting with Assad, Shultz frankly admitted that the two of them had "argued" over the Israeli-Lebanese accord, with the discussion going "round and round." That is very strong language in the codes of diplomacy. Assad's main complaint: the agreement infringes on Lebanese sovereignty by granting Israel the right to maintain a buffer zone along the common border. Assad demanded that the accord be renegotiated before he discussed withdrawing Syrian troops, but Shultz refused. The best the two men could do was agree to a vague statement about "the importance of a strong, free, sovereign Lebanon with a strong central government." A U.S.-Syrian working group was set up to discuss ways of achieving that objective. But Shultz admitted that the group's formation was "not a big deal," and the Syrian press did not even bother to mention it.

In Jerusalem, where Shultz talked with Prime Minister Menachem Begin and other Israeli officials for nearly three hours, the major topic was troop redeployment. Since the cease-fire in Lebanon last August, Israel has been suffering a slow but steady toll of casualties. By deploying its troops along a more defensible line to the south, probably along the Awali River, Israeli officials believe they can more easily wait out Assad. Said a senior Israeli official: "If Syria insists on refusing to withdraw, the U.S. will understand we have to redeploy ourselves in the most effective way possible."

Unless President Reagan can persuade Begin to change his mind when the two meet in Washington later this month, Israel will almost surely move its troops. But then who would patrol the territory once protected by the Israelis? The Lebanese Army would be the nominal guardian, but Gemayel is counting on the multinational peace-keeping forces stationed in Beirut to assist in the task. It is by no means certain that the U.S. or the other three members (France, Italy, Great Britain) would agree. Said Shultz: "If the proposal is to get the Israelis out and let someone else take the casualties, that would not be a very appealing proposition to put to Congress."

Symbolically enough, as the Secretary of State moved through the Middle East last week, violence was never far away. In Hebron, in the occupied West Bank, several Arabs stabbed an Israeli student to death in the crowded marketplace. The Israeli military authorities responded by dismissing the town's Arab mayor and municipal council. In Beirut, Lebanese Prime Minister Chafik al Wazzan barely escaped being assassinated while driving to his office. Only moments after the Lebanese leader's motorcade had passed, a Honda Civic laden with some 150 lbs. of TNT and mines blew up. No one was killed, but that was only because most of the explosives failed to go off. —*By James Kelly.*

Reported by Harry Kelly/Jerusalem and Johanna McGeary with Shultz

With Gemayel in Beirut: a demand for a schedule for total Israeli withdrawal

The threat of renewed fighting between Christians and Druze, and of de facto *partition.*

Flanked by their translators, Helmut Kohl and Yuri Andropov face off in a room in the Supreme Soviet

TASS

DIPLOMACY

Nothing Personal, But . . .

Strong words about missiles as Kohl goes to Moscow

The Soviet Union used to be able to count on the single-minded eagerness of West Germany's Social Democratic leaders to pursue a policy of détente with their Communist neighbors to the east. No longer. The Soviets got a close look last week at Bonn's first Christian Democratic Chancellor after 13 years of Social Democratic rule, and they did not entirely like what they saw. Helmut Kohl's 48-hour visit to Moscow turned out to be a bruising diplomatic skirmish that started badly and ended, as Kohl fully expected, in a standoff. Under a barrage of Soviet threats, Chancellor Kohl stood firm on the one issue that dominated his talks with Soviet Leader Yuri Andropov: West Germany's determination to abide by the North Atlantic Treaty Organization decision to begin deploying U.S. Pershing II and cruise missiles in December if no progress is achieved in the talks on intermediate-range nuclear missiles in Geneva.

Kohl's exchanges with Andropov were not a waste of time. While his Social Democratic predecessors in office, Willy Brandt and Helmut Schmidt, often saw themselves as intermediaries between the Kremlin and the West, Kohl repeatedly ruled out any such role for himself. He was going to Moscow, he said, "not as a mediator or interpreter but to represent German interests."

Nonetheless, Kohl made his trip, with Ronald Reagan's blessing in the form of a message from the President saying, "I have been impressed by the seriousness with which you are approaching these important discussions." Before his departure, Kohl was briefed on the American negotiating position in Geneva by Vice President George Bush and other U.S. officials. In one respect, Kohl did in fact act as a Soviet-American mediator: he urged Andropov to agree to a summit meeting with Reagan. The Soviets repeated their agreement to such a get-together on condition that it be well prepared and not merely a propaganda exercise.

Talk of a reunited Germany has always frightened the Soviets, but that did not deter Kohl from raising the subject forthrightly. He defended the right of Germans to think about the peaceful reunification of West Germany and its Soviet-dominated counterpart in the future. "I told Mr. Andropov: 'What would you say as a Soviet patriot if Moscow were divided, if the Soviet Union were divided?' " Kohl reported. He also asked that the Soviet Union grant exit visas to an estimated 100,000 ethnic Germans who seek to emigrate to West Germany. In addition, Kohl risked offending his hosts by speaking up on behalf of Soviet Dissident Andrei Sakharov, currently the victim of a government slander campaign in the Soviet press.

From the outset, the Soviets made it clear that Kohl was not entitled to the same kind of welcome given his Social Democratic predecessors. For example, Soviet protocol normally dictates that the press suspend all critical references to countries whose leaders are guests in Moscow. But on the day Kohl arrived, the major Soviet television news broadcast included a report on antinuclear demonstrations in Mainz, the Chancellor's home territory. Then there was the mystery surrounding Andropov's failure to receive Kohl on the day of his arrival. Three hours before he was due to leave for Moscow, Kohl was informed that "for personal reasons," Andropov would be unable to meet him on the first day as scheduled.

West German officials immediately attributed the Soviet leader's absence to a possible kidney ailment and other recurring health problems. Soviet sources, however, encouraged the view that Andropov was administering a diplomatic snub to Kohl. After the eight-year decline and eventual death of Leonid Brezhnev, the Soviets clearly had a stake in demonstrating that the capacity of the nation's leadership was not again in question because of the failing health of their supreme leader. The West Germans, for their part, chose to believe that no rebuff was intended. Still, as one Bonn official remarked, "In Moscow, you never can be sure."

Premier Nikolai Tikhonov filled in for Andropov in what became a rehearsal of the arguments that both sides would exchange throughout the visit. In an attempt to put Kohl on the defensive over Germany's Nazi past, Tikhonov emphasized that the Soviet Union was particularly alarmed by the scheduled deployment of U.S. missiles in West Germany because "it would mean that, for the first time in postwar history, a military threat again stems from German soil to the Soviet people. There is no need to say what that would mean to us." Kohl, whose self-confidence is as solid as his 6-ft. 4-in. frame, seemed untouched by any sense of historic guilt. It was the Soviet Union, he said, that had upset the balance of power in Europe by its major buildup of SS-20 missiles.

Next day Kohl met Andropov. At the headquarters of the Supreme Soviet, the government's single-party parliament, the Chancellor was ushered into a medium-size office in which President Andropov was sitting on one side of a green baize–covered table. The two leaders did not shake hands, but Andropov said, "It was my deepest wish to see you yesterday. Unfortunately, it was not possible. I was sick." An eyewitness said the Soviet leader's face looked healthy and that his eyes, behind tinted glasses, were clear and alert. Andropov's left hand appeared numb and stiff, however, and his right hand shook visibly when he made an apologetic gesture. Kohl, who carried two 19th century framed prints of Moscow and St. Petersburg as gifts to the Soviet leader, replied: "In politics there are always obstacles. I fully understand." Chuckling, Andropov observed that "we already have agreement on one question."

That was probably the only common ground between the two men. Andropov spoke even more directly and firmly than Premier Tikhonov. Kohl said later: "I met a man who spoke to the point, who

was familiar with the details of the subjects under discussion and could use them in his arguments." As one West German official put it, "Nobody can say the talks were clouded by diplomatic niceties. At times it was like having a ringside seat at a fight."

In response to Kohl's references to eventual German reunification, Andropov warned that if the NATO missiles were deployed, the people of East and West Germany would have to "look at each other through a thick palisade of missiles." He said the military threat to West Germany would "grow manifold," implying that the Soviets would react to the Pershing II and cruise deployment by installing nuclear missiles in Eastern Europe. Said Andropov: "The Soviet Union finds it hard to understand what the Federal Republic hopes to gain from the deployment of American missiles, our measures in response and the saturation of Central Europe with all types of weapons of mass destruction."

During a 70-minute press conference before leaving Moscow, Kohl confidently gave Soviet newsmen blunt answers every time they raised the missile issue. When one journalist began a question by proclaiming that "for the first time since World War II, plans are being made to station nuclear weapons on West German soil pointed at the Soviet Union," Kohl replied sharply: "SS-20s are deployed on Soviet territory, and they are directed at us." When another questioner said Germany had already attacked the Soviet Union twice in this century, Kohl countered that Germany was not solely responsible for starting World War I.

Altogether, it was an impressive performance by a leader who wanted to demonstrate that, having established a warm relationship with President Reagan, he was also capable of talking to Moscow. Kohl was assuming that the men in the Kremlin are realists who can live with the notion of a conservative West German Chancellor standing foursquare with Reagan and the other Western allies on NATO defense policies.

After the Chancellor's return to Bonn, a government spokesman announced that Andropov had admitted to a "margin of flexibility" in Moscow's negotiating position. The Soviet leader had also suggested that negotiators extend the current session of the Geneva talks beyond this week's closing date and reconvene ahead of schedule next fall.

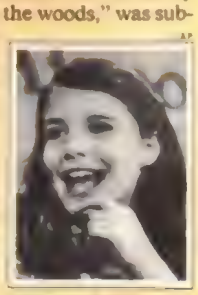
The Soviets are, of course, mindful that West Germany is their principal Western trading partner. Annoying as he may have been to them, Kohl knew he was dealing from a position of strength, and he left no doubts about the thrust of West German foreign policy. Said a Soviet diplomat, with an air of resignation: "We have to put the emphasis on long-term relations despite the serious problem of the missiles." —*By Frederick Painton. Reported by Erik Amfitheatrof/Moscow and Roland Flamini with Kohl*

Getting to Know You

While Helmut Kohl was visiting Moscow last week, a flood of U.S. visitors came to town as well. Among them: 21 Congressmen, most of them invited by the Supreme Soviet; twelve peripatetic New England newspaper editors; Film Director Alan Pakula, who was screening his film *Sophie's Choice* for Soviet film makers; and eleven-year-old Samantha Smith of Manchester, Me., who was on her way to a youth camp in the Crimea. Samantha had written to Yuri Andropov in April, and he answered with an invitation to visit his country at Soviet expense.

The latest surge in give-and-take between the superpowers produced at least one official diplomatic stir. Democratic Representative Thomas Downey of New York claimed to find evidence of a possible change in the Soviet stance at the Geneva talks on intermediate-range nuclear forces in Europe. According to Downey, Soviet Marshal Sergei Akhromeyev, first deputy chief of the General Staff, told the group of Congressmen that Moscow might be willing to consider a proposal similar to one discussed a year ago between U.S. Arms Negotiator Paul Nitze and his Soviet counterpart, Yuli Kvitsinsky. That formula, worked out by the two negotiators at Geneva during their famous "walk in the woods," was subsequently disavowed by the Kremlin and the White House. The proposal called for the U.S. to abandon the planned deployment of 108 Pershing II missiles in West Germany in exchange for a ceiling on Soviet warheads. Whether Akhromeyev meant to send a new signal was unclear. Other Congressmen insisted that the marshal's remarks were merely routine responses to the group's questions and clearly not intended as major policy shifts.

Congressman Downey



Diplomat Smith

POLAND

Playing Hooky

The electrician takes a holiday

Most Polish workers would be happy to have two weeks off in the prime holiday month of August, but not Electrician Lech Walesa. When officials at the Gdansk shipyard turned down a request from the former Solidarity trade-union leader for vacation in July or September and offered him August instead, Walesa decided to play hooky. Accompanied by his wife Danuta and three of their seven children, he climbed into the family's white Volkswagen minibus and set off for Sokolow Podlaski, a small town 55 miles from Warsaw, to go fishing. He claimed that his holiday request had been approved by supervisors but later rescinded. Said Walesa: "The foreman and shift boss decide when every other worker can take his vacation. Why must my vacation be decided by a general?"

AWOL Walesa

Walesa's pointed barb at Military Ruler General Wojciech Jaruzelski indicated that the former Solidarity leader had no intention of retiring from public life, even though Pope John Paul II was rumored to have suggested such a move during his recent visit to Poland. As all Poles are well aware, Aug. 31 marks the third anniversary of the signing of the agreement at the Lenin shipyard that created Solidarity. The military regime, apparently fearful that Walesa's mere presence at the yard might encourage a wave of antigovernment demonstrations, preferred that he be out of town. Walesa is just as determined to be on the scene, and for that reason, persuaded another worker to trade his July 3-17 holiday for the two weeks in August Walesa had been offered.

Walesa's act of defiance could cost him his job repairing battery-powered vehicles, a post he was given in April following his release from eleven months' detention. Officials at the Gdansk shipyard went to considerable lengths last week to play down the implications of the former union leader's absence. But when Walesa failed to show up for the third day in a row, making him technically liable for dismissal, shipyard officials suggested they might take disciplinary action.

The vacationing Walesa did not appear overly worried about losing his job and its monthly salary of $289. He has vowed to take the matter to court if he is fired. Said he: "The law must be equal for everybody. I did everything to reach an agreement. But if they fire me, I will have more time to travel and meet new people." The regime may wonder if a Walesa unemployed might cause more trouble than a Walesa employed. ■

CHINA

Enmity at Friendship Pass

A village bears the burden of Sino-Vietnamese hostilities

In a burst of wartime solidarity, the People's Republic of China once declared that its friendship with Viet Nam was as close as "lips and teeth." But after their common foe, the U.S., withdrew its troops from Southeast Asia in 1973, the toothy smiles between Peking and Hanoi gradually turned to frowns. Today, says a Chinese official, the relationship is one of "rifles to rifles and artillery to artillery." Nowhere is that hostility more evident than along the 800-mile border between the two countries. TIME *Peking Bureau Chief David Aikman was among a group of Western journalists who made a rare trip last week to that tense frontier. His report:*

Pingmeng (pop. 660) is a narrow town of one- and two-story houses shoehorned into a valley in China's southern Guangxi Autonomous Region. The main street, only half a mile long, culminates abruptly at the banks of a picturesque stream. There an abandoned customs house and a flagpole flying the red-and-yellow Chinese flag are the only reminders that this is the border. During the past three years, Pingmeng's residents have become victims of China's bitter feud with Viet Nam. Five people have been killed and 38 wounded by Vietnamese fire. In addition, according to Chinese officials in the Guangxi region, the Vietnamese have laid mines, damaged crops and on occasion sent bundle-toting water buffalo laden with leaflets and other propaganda across the border. Liang Xinghan, 26, a tractor driver in Pingmeng, says that he was wounded in the thigh by an enemy sniper last year. "I don't know why the Vietnamese shot me," he says. "I didn't oppose them or give them any trouble."

The Chinese, not surprisingly, blame Viet Nam for the border troubles. They claim that the current animosities predate the bitter four-week war in 1979, when China launched what it called "a self-defensive counterattack" against Viet Nam. At the time, Peking claimed it was "punishing" Hanoi both for "provocations" along the border and for Viet Nam's invasion of Cambodia two months earlier. The Vietnamese, of course, see the situation in a different light. A Hanoi radio broadcast last May charged that China had "renewed its acts of war against Viet Nam," and blamed the Chinese for border infractions almost identical to those that China had complained about. Viet Nam's Communist Party Secretary General Le Duan said last month that the Chinese goal was "to weaken and eventually annex" Viet Nam.

The border strife has left some 100,000 Chinese in the Guangxi region homeless and forced the government to open refugee camps further inland. Many villagers have not been able to return to their homes. Pingmeng's 20-bed hospital, which was abandoned after the 1979 war, still bears the scars of the fighting. Other buildings have been damaged by Vietnamese mortar rounds. On a single day last April, Chinese officials claim, 120 shells fired from across the border landed in Pingmeng. Townspeople reported that a month ago 13 rounds of Vietnamese rifle fire struck the town. Many fled to nearby shelters within the valley's limestone walls. The only casualty that day was a water buffalo.

LIU HEUNG SHENG—AP

A Chinese soldier grimly stands watch at the Ming Dynasty gate

Once as close as "lips and teeth," now at daggers drawn.

The border tensions have been exacerbated by Viet Nam's expulsion during the past five years of as many as 500,000 ethnic Chinese. Although some became boat people and escaped to Thailand, most fled over the hills to China. At the Ningming Indo-Chinese Reception Center, 18 miles north of the border, 274 Vietnamese refugees still await final disposition of their cases. Among them is Tran Ly Sang, 29, and his wife La Thi Hai, 25, who spent four months traveling from their home in Ho Chi Minh City (formerly the South Vietnamese capital of Saigon) in order to reach China. Tran said he had to pay $80 for each member of his party of four to be guided past Vietnamese patrols and across to Chinese territory. As chickens pecked in the dust at his feet and other refugees looked on solemnly, Tran read journalists a "letter to the U.S." that he had composed. "The rich people bribed the Vietnamese police to go to foreign countries and paid eight ounces of gold, but the poor people couldn't go," he said. "If I don't become a refugee in France or the U.S., I shall become very ill."

Most of the Vietnamese refugees have quietly settled in China to work on the farms and in the factories of Guangxi, Yunnan and Guangdong provinces. Twenty-four miles north of Pingmeng, 470 former Vietnamese citizens have built a successful state-financed pineapple farm. Although most seem reconciled to spending the rest of their days in China, a few are nostalgic and heartsick for the homeland they left behind. Admits Yu Ximei, a mother of three children: "There are some people here who want to go back to Viet Nam."

For the foreseeable future, that wish seems unlikely to come true. Near Pingmeng, the five-story Ming Dynasty gate at Friendship Pass, for centuries the main passageway between China and Viet Nam, is now closed. The French-built colonial customs house nearby is pitted with shrapnel from the 1979 conflict. High in the escarpments above the gate are heavily fortified and camouflaged Chinese positions that overlook the nearest Vietnamese outpost half a mile away. Although they keep a very low profile, some 500 Chinese troops are stationed in Pingmeng, backed up by thousands of provincial militia on standby alert.

Viet Nam's Foreign Minister Nguyen Go Thach hinted on a visit to Bangkok last month that his country would like to normalize its relations with China. That overture was sharply rebuffed by the Chinese. "What the Vietnamese are saying is one thing," said a Chinese official in Guangxi. "What they are doing is another." China now views the Soviet Union as the main instigator of the border troubles. Viet Nam, Chinese officials contend, wants to appease Moscow in order to ensure a continued flow of Soviet aid, now estimated at close to $1 billion a year. No one rules out the possibility that, one of these days, China's Deng Xiaoping may decide to make good on his standing threat to administer a second "punishment" to Viet Nam. If so, the people of Pingmeng will be caught in the middle once again. ■

LAOS

The Land of Feeling Good

Capitalist reforms and socialism with a disco beat

Each year during the dry season, small islands and shallows appear in the Mekong River, which forms the border between Thailand and Laos. Normally it is a time for Thais and Laotians to compete in dragon-boat races, attend temple fairs and visit relatives on both sides. This year the ebbing of the great river brought instead an increase in tensions between the two countries. Vietnamese troops stationed in Laos sporadically opened fire on Thai fishermen, causing four deaths. The Thais not only shot back but lodged sharp protests with the Laotian government over the Vietnamese military presence. Underlying the hostilities, though, is a less visible effort by Thailand to encourage a three-year-old attempt by the Laotian government to achieve a more moderate form of socialism and one independent of Viet Nam. TIME *Bangkok Bureau Chief David DeVoss recently traveled to Laos. His report:*

The signs of Laos' new, softer version of socialism are everywhere. In the capital city of Vientiane (pop. 115,000), the organs of state power are evident enough, but their presence seems muted by crenellated temple roofs and reinvigorated marketplaces. In contrast to the oppressive presence of Communism in Hanoi, few propaganda banners festoon the streets, and soldiers in battle dress are rarely encountered. Buddhism flourishes: Marxist reservations notwithstanding, men still don the saffron robes of priesthood for a time and rise before dawn to walk through the morning mist in search of alms. Well-off Laotians may apply for exit visas and generally receive them. Items such as enamel spray paint, light bulbs and vitamins, all unavailable in Hanoi, are in plentiful supply. "Sure, the market is full of clothes and medicine," laughs Luang Prabang Merchant Chan Manee. "This isn't Viet Nam."

Despite the presence of 40,000 Vietnamese troops (and some 5,000 Soviet advisers), Laos has been struggling since 1979 to sustain a socialist course unfettered by Hanoi's doctrinaire style. When the Pathet Lao Communists took over in Vientiane in 1975 after the U.S. withdrawal from Viet Nam, they quickly forced the resignation of King Savang Vatthana and instituted hard-line Marxist policies that brought the country to the edge of ruin. Private trade was banned, the few existing factories were nationalized, and restrictions on private life burgeoned. The Pathet Lao appropriated livestock and went so far as to require young people to obtain approval from party cadres before falling in love. More than 40,000 former royalist military officers and other "enemies of the state" were banished to "re-education camps" in a jungle gulag that, in proportion to the respective populations, was larger than Stalin's.

As a result, by 1979 nearly 14% of the population, or an estimated 400,000 people, had fled the country, most of them ending up in Thai refugee camps. The economy was moribund. Late that year, Premier Kaysone Phomvihane, now 58, apparently after consultation with Soviet advisers (who feared that Moscow would be forced into a large aid commitment if the situation deteriorated further), called for a dramatic change of course. He lifted the ban on private trade, called for a more efficient price structure and an increase in wages, and ordered a dramatic 60% devaluation of the kip. Declared Kaysone: "It is inappropriate, indeed stupid, for any party to implement a policy of forbidding the people to exchange goods or carry out trading. Such a policy is suicidal."

Since then Kaysone has repeatedly stressed his belief that "capitalist laws" will stimulate economic growth and "promote socialist transformation." Reforms in the key agricultural sector have been impressive: a government program to supply farmers with herbicides and fertilizer, combined with new tax incentives, has increased rice production from 866,940 tons in 1979 to 1.2 million tons today. In addition, a government literacy campaign has raised attendance at Laotian primary and secondary schools to 600,000, from 350,000 in 1979. Says former Premier Souvanna Phouma: "It is necessary to build a new socialist man. But this doesn't mean we must destroy everything. We're trying to keep the good and get rid of traits like superstition and laziness that impede development."

Even so, economic growth has been painfully slow. With a per capita income of only $95 annually, Laos is one of the poorest countries in the world. President Souphanouvong, who led the Pathet Lao guerrilla campaign from 1946 to 1953, earns $7 a month. A middle-level government official takes home $4 a month and is able to survive only because prices in state stores are heavily subsidized by the government. Rice, for example, costs 3¢ a kg in government outlets; on the open market, it goes for 38¢. The government has encouraged private businesses to develop consumer and service markets. Vientiane's Samsenthai commercial strip, closed five years ago, is slowly coming back to life. "This may not be Thailand," says one Laotian businessman, "but most people seem happy."

Laotians on a road near Vientiane's Monument to the Dead; inset, President Souphanouvong

Few propaganda banners festoon the streets, and soldiers in battle dress are rarely seen.

Despite its modest gains, the government remains heavily dependent on foreign assistance. Last year 80% of Laos' annual revenues came from foreign aid, including assistance from the Soviet Union. In an attempt to streamline notoriously inefficient and corrupt foreign-assisted and Laotian-administered development projects, the authorities recently charged more than 50 bureaucrats with "antiparty activities." Translation: they were guilty of frustrating government efforts to obtain international economic aid.

The crackdown was a measure of the government's seriousness about expanding economic relations with the non-Communist world. The Laotians specifically hope for greater commitments from Japan, France and Australia; they would also like improved ties with the U.S., which still prohibits assistance to Viet Nam, Kampuchea and Laos.

In the long run, Laos' effort to forge its own form of socialism will be no easy task. The national psyche does not lend itself to strict regimentation: *sabai di*, the Laotian hello, literally means "feel good" and Laotians try to live up to it. *In Praise of Ho Chi Minh*, an official anthem in the three Communist Indochinese states, blares martially from loudspeakers in Hanoi and precedes performances of the national ballet in Phnom-Penh; in Laos it is played to an eminently danceable disco beat. Farmers continue to resist collectivization: only 17% of the peasants work in state-owned agriculture.

The government is also beset by security problems. Anti-Communist guerrillas still roam the countryside, despite the efforts of Vietnamese counterinsurgency forces. While the guerrillas may not pose a serious political threat—estimates are that there are only 3,000 insurgents, mostly in small, ill-equipped groups—many of the country's roads remain unsafe, particularly at night. "The insecurity is like a fever," says one European diplomat in Vientiane.

The most serious failing of the government is the continued persecution of supporters of the old regime. Jails and camps still hold somewhere between 2,000 and 5,000 political prisoners. A recent reorganization brought hundreds of former officials back into the government, but many who survived the re-education camps have returned to shattered lives. One man, a former secretary-general in the Ministry of Industry and Commerce, returned to find that his sons had become drug addicts; he now works as a dishwasher in a Vientiane bakery. A former captain in the Royal Lao Air Force toils in the rice fields during harvest season. Few survivors are willing to talk about their experiences. Says one: "Only after you say yes, yes, yes to everything do you become eligible for release."

Outside pressure on the Laotians comes mainly from Thailand, which has labeled Kaysone's government "a mouthpiece of Hanoi." Thai efforts to drive a wedge between Laos and the Soviet-backed Vietnamese meet with diffidence on the part of Laotian leaders. Both privately and publicly, they profess no great admiration for the Vietnamese: indeed, they admit the relationship with Hanoi is based only on military considerations, namely their fear of both Chinese aggression and internal subversion. Only rarely do the Laotians describe their relationship to Hanoi with words like "friendship" and "cooperation." ■

CRIME

"The KGB Organized Everything"

A raucous confession from Pope John Paul II's assailant

For months, newspapers were awash with a spectacular charge: the attempt on Pope John Paul II's life in 1981, declared Italian authorities last winter, had the backing of the Bulgarian secret service, presumably acting on orders from the Soviet Union. But the accusation depended on the secret confession of the gunman convicted of the shooting, Turkish Terrorist Mehmet Ali Agca, and as the unhurried investigation into his claims continued without producing further important revelations, interest in the case slowly dwindled. Now the intrigue has leaped suddenly back to life. As he was taken from a Rome police station last week, Agca surprised waiting reporters by publicly implicating the Soviets in the conspiracy. Said he: "The KGB organized everything."

In a chaotic encounter outside the police station, the slim, unshaven Turk for the first time confirmed previously published accounts of his confession to Italian investigators. Speaking in broken English and flawed Italian, he claimed that he was trained as a terrorist "in Bulgaria and in Syria." Italian officials believe that Agca was aided in the assassination attempt by three Bulgarians: two former employees at the Rome embassy and Sergei Ivanov Antonov, onetime Rome manager of the Bulgarian airline, who is now being held in a Rome jail pending the outcome of the investigation. Was Antonov involved? newsmen asked, as Agca climbed into a police van. "I knew Sergei," he replied. "He was my accomplice." And the KGB? "Yes, the KGB."

Agca's allegations provided no new details of the plot. But by repeating in public the charges made in his secret confession, which until now have been reported only secondhand, Agca buttressed the Italian investigators' claim of East bloc involvement. Agca, however, has changed his story repeatedly in the past, and critics of the government investigation fear that the case depends almost entirely on his possibly unreliable testimony. To no one's surprise, Bulgarian and Soviet officials have vehemently denied any part in the conspiracy.

Agca's unexpected comments came as he was being questioned by police in connection with a peculiar kidnaping case. Emanuela Orlandi, 15, the daughter of a messenger in the Vatican's Apostolic Palace, vanished on June 22 after talking with a man in a black BMW on the street in front of her music school in downtown Rome. Last Wednesday, following an appeal from the Pope for her safe return, the abductors finally unveiled their startling demand. In a call to Orlandi's family, the kidnapers announced that the girl would be freed only if Agca were released. The Vatican, they added, should intercede with the Italian government to obtain his freedom.

Through its official newspaper, *L'Osservatore Romano*, the Vatican promptly rejected a role as intermediary, saying that the kidnapers were demanding "absurd compensations." Even Agca wanted no part of the deal: he is well aware that only his Italian jailers stand between him and possible Soviet retribution for his confessions. Said the onetime terrorist: "I appeal to the kidnapers: free this poor girl. I have nothing to do with criminals. I am with Italy, with the Italian people, with the Vatican." ■

Ali Agca arriving at Rome police headquarters to be questioned in the Orlandi kidnaping case

"I am with Italy, with the Italian people, with the Vatican."

SHARING LIFE THROUGH HEARING AND SPEECH
Like Lorne Greene and poster child Brooke Broderick, most of the 23,000,000 Americans with hearing, speech, and language problems can be helped ... medically, surgically, with hearing aids, or through rehabilitation. Join us in sharing this message of hope with your neighbors and friends.

Law

Turning the Sexual Tables

Equal premiums must buy equal retirement benefits

Nathalie Norris, 58, is a supervisor in the Arizona department of economic security. In 1975, she signed up to make monthly contributions of $199 for an annuity plan offered by the state through the Lincoln National Life Insurance Co. Then Norris discovered that at retirement she would receive $34 a month less than a male employee who had made identical contributions. Reason: the insurance company's actuarial tables projected that as a woman she would live seven years longer than a man of the same age. Norris challenged the practice in a class-action suit under Title VII of the Civil Rights Act of 1964, which forbids employers to discriminate on the basis of sex, race, religion or ethnic origin.

Last week, in a 5-to-4 ruling, the Supreme Court banned employers from offering retirement plans that provide men and women with unequal benefits. Relying on a 1978 decision that ended women's higher monthly contributions to earn the same pension, Associate Justice Thurgood Marshall said for the majority that Title VII requires employees to be treated as individuals rather than members of a group. "Even a true generalization about class cannot justify class-based treatment," wrote Marshall. "An individual woman may not be paid lower monthly benefits simply because women as a class live longer than men."

The court's ruling directly applies only to employer-sponsored annuity plans and, according to the American Council of Life Insurance, will affect the handling of some 16 million pensions. The decision, however, will not apply retroactively. In a separate vote, Justice Sandra Day O'Connor switched sides and joined the four previous dissenters in finding that insurers would face an unfair burden, possibly even bankruptcy, if they had to pay to rectify past discrimination.

Buoyed by that part of the ruling, the insurance industry anticipated that its principal costs would come in the paperwork of figuring how to amend its offered plans. "The decision does not revolutionize the business of insurance," said Richard Schweiker, president of the American Council of Life Insurance. For their part, women's groups were "pleased at the reiteration of the ban on discrimination in employment," said Barbara Rochman, president of the New York City chapter of the National Organization for Women. Also pleased were those battling in several state legislatures and Congress for a unisex insurance bill covering a wide range of policies from auto to medical.

As for the specific fallout of last week's ruling, "It looks as if proportionately more men would have their pensions reduced while more women would have their pensions increased," said Michael Stuntz of the American Council of Life Insurance. The group that everyone agrees will thrive, said Sophie Korczyk of the Employee Benefit Research Institute, is "the benefits consultants. They will be raking in a lot of fees."

Norris outside the Supreme Court building

She got mad at losing $34 a month.

As it ended its turbulent 1982-83 term last week *(see following story)*, the court decided to put off until next year a much anticipated decision on video-recording and copyright law. The court also handed down two other major opinions:

▸ In a 6-to-3 ruling, the Justices approved a speeded-up method of processing the last-ditch legal maneuvers of condemned prisoners. Thomas Andy Barefoot, 37, convicted in the shooting death of a police officer in Bell County, Texas, had filed a direct state court appeal, a previous petition to the Supreme Court, state court habeas corpus proceedings and, when all those failed, a federal habeas corpus petition, which reached the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Fifth Circuit last November. The appeals court denied his plea for a stay of execution.

The Justices, some of whom have publicly deplored the endless delays in executions, held that the appeals court's action was "tolerable," if not "the preferred procedure," and went on to permit stricter limitations on repeated habeas corpus petitions and on when courts must grant stays. "Truly perverse," said Dissenter Marshall, contending that an inmate condemned to death now has fewer protections than other prisoners. Though civil rights lawyers did not think there would be any immediate increase in executions, all federal courts are free to move with greater dispatch on the habeas corpus petitions of 1,200 death-row prisoners.

▸ Again voting 6 to 3, the Justices held that the traditional practice of having a chaplain open state legislative sessions with a prayer does not violate the First Amendment separation of church and state. Together with the court's decision two weeks ago approving tuition tax deductions for parents of parochial school children, the ruling was considered further evidence of the court's somewhat greater tolerance for Government support of religious activity.

Nebraska employed the Rev. Robert Palmer, a Presbyterian minister, to say an opening prayer at its state assembly sessions from 1965 to 1981. Four years ago, Ernest Chambers, a member of the state's unicameral legislature, went to court, arguing that the practice had the effect of establishing a state religion.

The Supreme Court did not agree. Contending that the presence of a chaplain to open legislative sessions is "deeply imbedded in the history and tradition of this country," Chief Justice Warren Burger held that the custom, including the use of state funds to pay the chaplain's salary, posed no threat to constitutional ideals. Wrote Burger: "To invoke Divine guidance on a public body entrusted with making the laws is not, in these circumstances, an 'establishment' of religion or a step toward establishment."

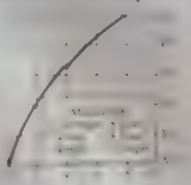
Burger did not have to go far afield for an example of the invocations he endorsed. Each session of the high bench opens with a clerk proclaiming: "God save the United States and this Honorable Court." —*By Guy D. Garcia. Reported by Anne Constable/Washington*

Nebraska legislature's Palmer

His prayer was embedded in history.

Pall Mall
A Step Ahead
Step up in taste,
step down in tar
100's
PALL MALL
FAMOUS CIGARETTES
LIGHTS
LOW TAR FILTER
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

In creating the all-new 1983 Mazda 626 Sport Coupe, we set out to match the performance and luxury of some of the world's finest road cars. And, in typical Mazda fashion, to surpass them in value.



Experience Mazda 626 and you will see that it is everything we wanted it to be—and more.

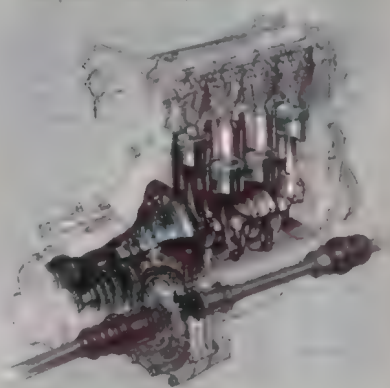
Its front-wheel-drive configuration creates a passenger compartment spacious enough to carry five people in comfort.

Its excellent ride and handling are due in part to two features that are exclusive with Mazda: patented Twin Trapezoidal Link rear suspension and Electronic Variable Shock Absorbers.

Its 2-litre overhead cam engine is more powerful than its predecessor, yet gets better gas mileage.

If you have ever wondered if it is possible for a modern road car to offer performance and luxury along with extraordinary value, experience Mazda 626. And wonder no more.

All-new, transverse-mounted, 2-litre, overhead cam engine has 8% fewer moving parts than previous 626 engine and is 57 lbs. lighter. It is also quieter, more compact—and more powerful



41 EST. HWY. **29** EST. MPG: EPA estimate [illegible]. Your mileage may vary with trip length, speed and weather. Highway mileage will probably be less [illegible] retail price. Actual price set by dealer. Taxes, license, freight, options (tires/alt. wheels shown) and other

performance, luxury, and value can actually co-exist.

With Electronic Variable Shock Absorbers driver can select normal damping force (A) or one that is firmer, sportier (B). In AUTOMATIC mode, shocks stay at normal until speed rises above 50 mph, at which time front shocks stiffen for better road feel.

Standard features include 5-speed overdrive transmission (3-speed automatic optional) • Steel-belted radial tires • Rack-and-pinion steering • Power-assisted front disc brakes • Front and rear anti-sway bars • 6-way adjustable driver's seat • Halogen headlamps • Electric rear window defroster • Remote trunk release • 60/40 split fold-down rear seatbacks • Tilt adjustable steering column • Quartz digital clock • Full cut-pile carpeting • Trip odometer • Tachometer.

Experienced drivers buckle up.

1983 Mazda 626 Sport Coupe

$8095*

FREE CATALOG TELLS MORE. We'd be pleased to send you a free copy of our 30-page, full-color catalog describing the new 626 Series. Just send your name, address, city, state, and zip code to the following address and mention that you'd like the 626 catalog.

Mailing and Marketing Inc.
Box 5960
Orange, CA 92668
Attn: Mazda 626 Offer

mazda

The more you look, the more you like.

*dealer charges extra. Price may change without notice. Availability of vehicles with specific features may vary.

"The world is run by
who make their dreams come true."
HAROLD GRAY
Wherever you go, whatever dream
you follow, we'd like to help.
Thanks to you, Visa is the most
accepted, most widely used name in the
world for travel, shopping, and cash.
You can do it. We'd like to help.
VISA
VISA
VISA

Going Thisaway and Thataway

A mature Burger Court is more umpire than ideological player

Since 1969, Presidents Nixon, Ford and Reagan have appointed six new U.S. Supreme Court Justices, starting with Warren Burger, in the open hope of reversing the liberalism of the Earl Warren era. So how conservative is the Burger Court? As the Justices last week completed one of their most vigorous terms in the past decade and a half, they seemed to have ruled the question irrelevant. Says Stanford Law Professor Gerald Gunther, after considering the term's work: "They are beyond left or right description and therefore unpredictable." Concurs Professor G. Edward White of the University of Virginia Law School: "It is a floating court, with no Justices continually carrying the balance of power."

Instead, the court is pulled first thisaway, then thataway in a shifting tug-of-war as the Justices align themselves differently on almost every case. That tendency, noted in earlier terms, had been called a temporary phenomenon while a new majority matured. It now seems clear that the nature of this court is not to be an ideological player in the nation's politics, but rather to be an umpire calling the plays of others.

DRAWING FOR TIME BY WILL TOUSAW

It often does so with boldness. This term the court ruled forcefully in an unusually large number of major cases, most notably by striking down Congress's asserted right to exercise a legislative veto of Executive Branch actions. Conservatives enthusiastically applauded rulings that strengthened the search-and-seizure powers of law-enforcement officials and that permitted parents in Minnesota to take tax deductions for the costs of educating their children in religious schools. Liberals were equally pleased by reaffirmations of the 1973 freedom-of-choice abortion decision and the denial of tax-exempt status to private schools that practice racial discrimination.

In still other cases, "traditional labels got mixed up," says Professor Louis Michael Seidman of Georgetown University Law Center. "Decisions that looked liberal are really conservative." Nuclear energy opponents hailed a ruling that federal law permits states to block construction of new nuclear plants for economic reasons, but the opinion reflected a conservative reading of legislative intent. Congress, the court reasoned, did not mean to displace traditional state powers.

The Justices' unpredictable attitudes, however, can lead to considerable confusion. Lengthy multiple-opinion decisions have become frequent. Says University of Chicago Constitutional Expert Philip Kurland: "Every lawyer searches for something he likes, and there is something for everyone. They have everything but the kitchen sink in them." Many blame the sheer number of cases the Justices tackle each year. Says University of Chicago Law Professor Dennis Hutchinson: "They are so busy and so overworked, they cannot talk so much to each other. So they usually wind up speaking to each other in print."

The Burger Court also has a tendency to go in seemingly conflicting directions. In only one area, criminal law, has a clear path developed; the majority generally favors a steady trimming of defendants' rights. More typical are two First Amendment cases cited by Harvard Law Professor Laurence Tribe. In one case, the court threw out a federal law prohibiting sign carrying on the sidewalks surrounding the Supreme Court building. In another, the court ruled that an assistant district attorney's right of free speech had not been violated when she was fired for distributing a questionnaire to fellow prosecutors that was implicitly critical of office procedures. Says Tribe: "The first ruling was a symbolic victory for free speech that will matter little to anyone, but the second is a devastating setback to the freedom of every public employee."

The court's inconsistency sometimes means that on different cases the same Justice sits on opposite sides of what would appear to be the same fence. In a decision three years ago, Justice Harry Blackmun voted with the majority that a life sentence for three nonviolent felony convictions did not constitute cruel and unusual punishment. This term he helped throw out a sentence of life imprisonment without parole for a man convicted of seven nonviolent felonies. Ten years ago, Justice Lewis Powell wrote the majority opinion in overturning a New York State statute that provided tax benefits for parents of children in parochial schools. This term he sided with the majority upholding the Minnesota law that permits tax deductions to parents of children in religious schools. Says University of Chicago Law Professor Geoffrey Stone: "Neither one of them made any serious effort to rationalize switching their decision. It was consistent unpredictability all along."

"People keep knocking this court for not having a rudder," says Law Professor Yale Kamisar of the University of Michigan. "We should not expect that of a court. The Warren Court was a historical anomaly." It had a clear-cut liberal majority and a conservative minority, both of which acted predictably. The heart of today's court is its middle. The left flank is held by Justices Thurgood Marshall and William Brennan; the right is anchored by William Rehnquist and, much of the time, Sandra Day O'Connor and Burger. Of the remaining Justices, Byron White and Powell are generally more conservative than John Paul Stevens and Blackmun, but all four are pragmatic centrists, suspicious of pure ideology on either side.

"This is actually quite a strong court in the center," says Columbia Law Professor Vincent Blasi. "There are few eras in Supreme Court history where the real swing Justices were as intelligent, thoughtful and open-minded." It is their strength that accounts for the fact that the court has not been the all-out antidote to the Warren Court that the past three Republican Presidents had hoped to create. In one chapter of *The Burger Court: The Counter-Revolution That Wasn't*, a forthcoming collection of essays on the court by several scholars, Blasi has written of the "new centrist activism" on the high bench: "An activist court is one that regularly exercises the power of judicial review to enforce controversial as well as consensual norms. By that standard, the Burger Court has been very much an activist court. Rootless activism is activism nonetheless." —*By Anastasia Toufexis. Reported by Sheila Gribben/Chicago and David S. Jackson/Washington*

Puffing Hard Just to Keep Up

With consumption down and taxes rising, cigarette makers try bold changes

No matter how fierce or ingenious their attempts to outdo one another, American cigarette makers have historically had one thing in common: 20 smokes to a pack. But last week even that came unwrapped. In smoke shops and supermarkets in 33 states, Century cigarettes from R.J. Reynolds (1982 total sales: $10.9 billion) made their debut with 25 to the pack and 225 cigarettes to the nine-pack carton. Century still costs about the same as other brands. Reynolds ads made that point clear: "New Century—taste that delivers in the moneysaving 25 pack."

Century is such a break with tradition that it is literally changing the way the industry does business. The wider-than-standard pack, for example, will fit in men's shirt pockets but, at least for now, not in vending machines, where 8% to 10% of cigarettes are sold. The brand will not even be sold in 17 states for the time being because their taxing systems are geared to increments of ten or 20 cigarettes. This means that the 25-smoke packages would be taxed in some states as if they contained 30 or 40 cigarettes, which would jack up Century's price disproportionately. Reynolds officials are trying to get local laws changed so that Century can be sold in all states.

Reynolds hopes that Century will help the company regain the No. 1 sales position, which it held for 25 years but lost in the first quarter to Philip Morris (total 1982 sales: $9.1 billion). The big two, which together have about 65% of the market, are the Coca-Cola and Pepsi-Cola of cigarettedom, far ahead of third-place Brown & Williamson (Kool, Raleigh, Viceroy), which has 10.9%. Following those three are Lorillard (Kent, Newport, True), American Brands (Carlton, Pall Mall, Lucky Strike) and the Liggett Group (L & M, Eve, Chesterfield).

If Century gets only a small piece of the market, it could mean big profits. With industry sales estimated at $27 billion this year, a niche of just 1% is worth $170 million to the cigarette maker alone.

The tradition-breaking pack has 25 smokes

Says American Brands Spokesman Robert Rukeyser: "Gaining only one share point is of enormous interest."

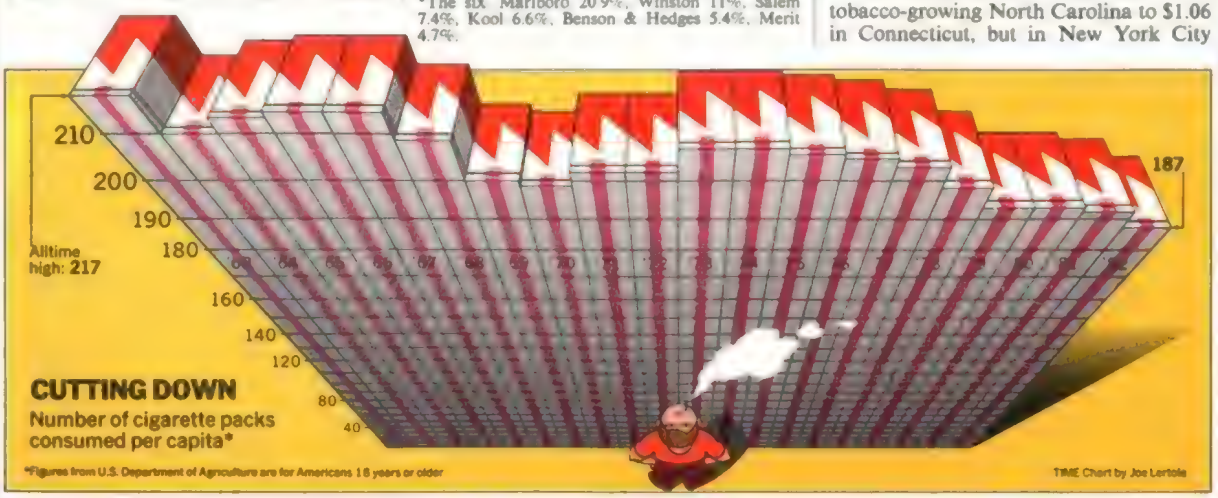
At the end of World War II, six brands controlled about 90% of the market, but today the top six* labels have 56% of sales. There are now more than 200 styles to buy, and Reynolds alone has introduced 20 new ones in the past five years. Marlboro and Winston each come in eight different styles. The largest-selling brand is now Marlboro, with 20.9% of the market. Newcomers like Reynolds' Bright (1982) and Lorillard's Satin (1983) are on shelves next to oldies like Lucky Strike (1916), Camel (1913), Chesterfield (1911) and, oldest of all, Pall Mall (1907).

The cigarette industry faces a special problem. For 30 years it has been under attack by various Government agencies over issues of smoking and health. Since 1966, federal law has mandated ever harsher health warnings on cigarette packs and in ads about smoking *(see box)*. Those admonitions, plus increased federal and state taxes, the recession and America's rising health-consciousness, have taken their toll. Consumption was down half a percent last year, dropping from 627 billion cigarettes in 1981 to 624 billion last year. John Maxwell of Lehman Brothers Kuhn Loeb, Wall Street's leading tobacco-industry analyst, believes that cigarette sales dipped an additional 3% to 6% during this year's first quarter.

Perhaps the most important cause of the recent drop was the doubling, to 16¢ per pack, of the federal cigarette tax on Jan. 1. In addition, many states—14 since 1982—are pushing up their levies on smokes. Says Reynolds Tobacco Chairman Edward A. Horrigan Jr.: "The excise tax, coupled with state tax increases, caused a dramatic drop in sales during the first quarter of the year." Wisconsin has the dubious honor of having the highest state cigarette tax: 25¢ a pack, making total taxes on a pack 41¢. Those increases helped push up the price of a standard pack by an estimated 28%.

Average prices now range from 72¢ in tobacco-growing North Carolina to $1.06 in Connecticut, but in New York City

*The six: Marlboro 20.9%, Winston 11%, Salem 7.4%, Kool 6.6%, Benson & Hedges 5.4%, Merit 4.7%.



smokers can shell out $1.25 a pack. Gone are the days when smokes cost 22¢ in machines; a quarter bought a pack plus 3¢ change wrapped in the cellophane.

The price increases have helped spur the biggest new hit in the cigarette industry: generics. Sold in plain black-and-white or black-and-yellow packages, the no-name cigarettes have captured about 2.5% of the market in the past two years. Liggett, looking for a way to reverse its steadily declining share, was the first major company to start selling the generics. Paced by its bestselling Chesterfield, Liggett had about 25% of sales in the 1940s, but that fell to less than 3% by 1981. Says President K.v.R. Dey Jr.: "We were the smallest kid on the block." The company was laying off workers, selling its foreign divisions and closing warehouses, when company executives hit on the idea of selling no-name cigarettes. Test marketing began in June 1980, and national distribution started in late 1981. The generics, costing $1.50 to $2 less a carton than brand cigarettes, were an immediate success. Says James Dowd, Liggett's marketing chief for generics: "We heard that generic cigarettes would just not sell because cigarettes are such an image product. But we've shown the industry something else." Liggett's generics come in six styles, including menthol and low tar.

Industry insiders are split over the future of generics. James W. Johnston, an executive vice president of R.J. Reynolds Tobacco, strongly opposes following Liggett into generics. He and many other cigarette officials believe that the no-names are just a recession phenomenon. Says Johnston: "In my judgment, you've got to have the link between the consumer and an identifiable brand name. I predict that the success of generics will be short-lived." Liggett officials, on the other hand, believe that smokers will stick with their new, lower-cost smokes in better times. Says Dey: "There is still brand loyalty, but price has become a factor."

While Liggett has been going after the cost-conscious consumer with no-brand, other cigarette companies have been trying to win over the status-conscious customers with new brands. Said David Bulleit, who handles the Philip Morris account for New York's Wells, Rich, Greene ad agency: "Quality is selling. Sophistication is a very convenient term for all these trends."

Cigarette companies are introducing new brands aimed specifically at upper-scale consumers interested in quality. But Reynolds' Johnston points out that the new brands are high-stake gambles, since it now costs $80 million to launch a totally new cigarette. Only six new brands have captured .5% of the market in the past decade. Those were More, Now, Merit, Barclay and Golden Lights.

PAUL GRAHAM RAISON

Chairman Edward A. Horrigan Jr. of Reynolds

Aiming to regain the No. 1 position.

In February, Lorillard introduced Satin, a cigarette with a satin-paper filter tip. Market research indicated that women wanted a product that symbolized luxurious relaxation. Ted van de Kamp, a director with MCA Advertising, says studies showed women in the 1980s are looking for a cigarette that will let them "indulge themselves." Philip Morris put Virginia Slims on the market in 1968 with an image of the striving, independent woman and the slogan "You've come a long way, baby." Its share is 2.7%.

But now it is time for women to relax. Says Van de Kamp: "In all the ads we emphasize that special moment of time that women want for themselves." Read the ads: "Go ahead. You deserve this Satin moment." The brand holds about .8% of the market.

Philip Morris is aiming a revived Players, a name first used by the company six decades ago, at upper-income smokers between ages 25 and 35. Says Company Spokesman Ernest Quimby: "It is a brand designed, formulated and packaged to an upscale mode of life." Concurs Adman Bulleit: "Players is a sociable, fun brand for sophisticated adults who enjoy going places at night." The black, cigarette case–type package is an important part of the promotion.

With its new Lucky Strike filters, American Brands is starting its biggest new-product effort since it successfully launched Carlton low-tar cigarettes in 1964 (current market share: 2.3%). Lucky Strike filters are available in just three-quarters of the U.S. Lucky Strike nonfilters, a favorite of World War II G.I.s, once had 40% of the market, but now have only .8%. The company is aiming the new-style Lucky at the same upscale smokers who have become the industry's favorite target. Spokesman Rukeyser points out that the ad campaign shows "people in successful situations" rather than the familiar outdoor scenes that have worked well for other brands.

Despite recent sluggish sales, tobacco executives and cigarette-industry watchers believe the market will pick up as the recovery gathers strength and consumers become accustomed to the higher taxes. Says Horrigan of Reynolds: "We've bottomed out absolutely. We have a lot of strength." Cigarette-industry officials can only hope that Horrigan is not just blowing smoke. —*By John S. DeMott.*

Reported by Dorothy Ferenbaugh/New York and Philip Mandelkorn/Richmond

Warring over Warnings

If the Senate Labor and Human Resources Committee has its way, the following unequivocal label will appear on cigarette packs and in all advertising for cigarettes starting next year: WARNING! CIGARETTE SMOKING CAUSES CANCER, EMPHYSEMA, HEART DISEASE; MAY COMPLICATE PREGNANCY; AND IS ADDICTIVE. The Senate effort, headed by Democrat Thomas Eagleton, who smokes a pack a day of Pall Malls, is the latest and strongest warning about cigarettes.

In 1957, after the first Government caveat concerning smoking, Utah Senator Wallace Bennett introduced a bill to require the admonition: WARNING: PROLONGED USE OF THIS PRODUCT MAY RESULT IN CANCER, IN LUNG, HEART AND CIRCULATORY AILMENTS, AND OTHER DISEASES. Nothing happened until 1965 when, in the wake of a 1964 Surgeon General's report on smoking, Congress passed the Federal Cigarette Labeling and Advertising Act. This called for the first pack label: CAUTION: CIGARETTE SMOKING MAY BE HAZARDOUS TO YOUR HEALTH. In 1970, the wording was strengthened to read: WARNING: THE SURGEON GENERAL HAS DETERMINED THAT CIGARETTE SMOKING IS DANGEROUS TO YOUR HEALTH.

The Tobacco Institute opposes all warnings, arguing that no one has ever proved that a link exists between smoking and illnesses. Says Spokesman William Toohey: "We don't believe we know conclusively that smoking causes heart disease or cancer. It may or may not."

RICARDO WATSON

Eagleton

Case Hardened

A break on specialty steels

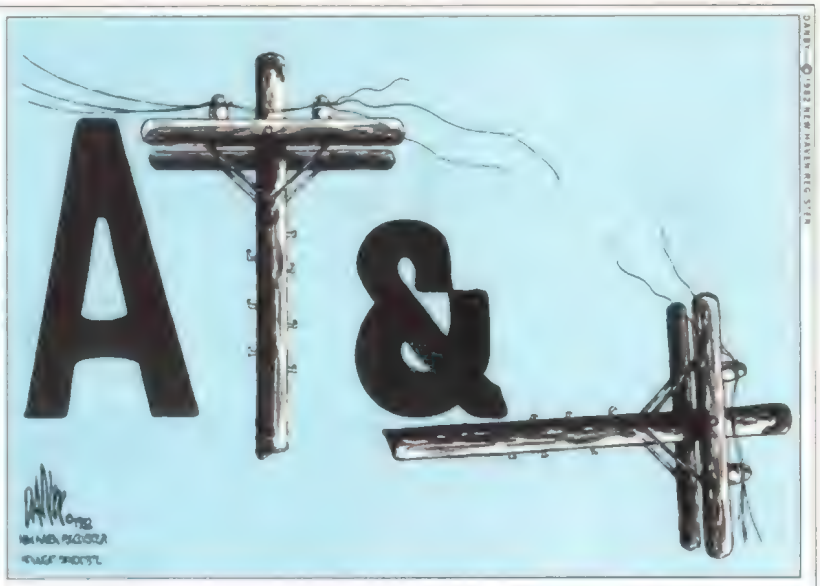
Specialty steels account for only 10% of American steel sales, but they are nonetheless the glamorous high-tech end of the business, the items that can produce big profits. Stainless steel, used for knives, forks and hundreds of other products, is one such metal. Jet-engine fan blades, nuclear-reactor control rods and orthopedic body implants are made of others. But just as the older American carbon-steel industry is being clobbered by competition from abroad, so too are specialty steels. As Wall Street Analyst Peter Anker put it, "No other country would permit the kind of intrusion in their industry that we have permitted. We let [foreign exporters] run all over us." Last week the Reagan Administration, reacting to intense industry and union pressure, approved some protection for the U.S. specialty-steel industry by imposing higher tariffs and some quotas against imports.

The President raised tariffs from 10% to 20% on some specialty steels, an action which is likely to increase the cost of those imports in the U.S. and make American goods more competitive. In addition, he lowered quotas for steel-bar imports from 40,053 tons to 27,000 tons for the first year of the limit. Other, less severe quotas were imposed for rod and tool steel.

No one seemed completely happy with the decision. Lloyd McBride, president of the United Steelworkers of America, complained that the President should have used lower quotas rather than higher tariffs to block imports. Said he: "Where tariffs are substituted for quotas, it never works." Adolph Lena, chairman of Al Tech Specialty Steel Co. in Dunkirk, N.Y., and an industry spokesman, called the measures "wholly inadequate."

The Europeans felt betrayed. They shipped 92,000 tons of specialty steels to the U.S. in 1982, and are chiefly blamed for the American industry's woes. British Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher blasted the White House action before the House of Commons. Said she: "It is a deplorable action on the part of the United States." The Commission of the European Community expressed its "profound dissatisfaction."

After the Reagan Administration's many pious pronouncements against protectionism and the agreement to foster free trade at the Williamsburg economic summit in May, the White House had a hard time defending the tariffs. They were, said U.S. Trade Representative William Brock, a "two by four" to swing against unfair subsidies and "a world system that is totally trade distortive, where governments intervene at will without any consideration of international rule." To many outsiders, though, the White House action looked like a cave-in to domestic pressures without consideration of the long-term consequences for international trade. ■



Bell Wrung

The phone company's loss

Generations have grown up thinking of American Telephone & Telegraph (1982 sales: $65.7 billion) simply as Ma Bell. Last week Federal Judge Harold Greene took away the Bell. Greene ruled that the name as well as the company's blue-and-white telephone logo should belong to A T & T's local phone companies when they split off into seven independent units on Jan. 1, 1984. The judge also decreed that only A T & T's Bell Laboratories and foreign operations could continue using the name.

The order was part of a 159-page opinion that virtually completes the legal restructuring of A T & T. The mammoth undertaking, the largest breakup of a company in history, has been under way since January 1982, when A T & T agreed to divest its local units to settle a Government antitrust suit. "This decision in a sense is the final word on telephone reorganization," said Theodore Whitehead, a Washington attorney who specializes in communications law.

A T & T's competitors in the long-distance business welcomed the ruling. Said Mitchell Brecher, an attorney for GTE Sprint: "If A T & T and the operating companies were permitted to use the same logo, the public might think that they're part of a unified system." The rivals had argued that since A T & T will remain a long-distance carrier after the breakup, such identification would give it a competitive advantage.

The ruling means that the telephone giant will have to change the name of its American Bell subsidiary, which was formed a year ago to offer a full line of communications products. Apparently anticipating the loss of at least the Bell logo, A T & T has been using a globe, rather than the traditional telephone symbol, in American Bell advertisements since January. Though the company has 60 days to appeal the rulings, it seems resigned to living with them. Said an A T & T spokesman: "The order to drop the Bell name is the most troublesome part, but there is nothing we can do about it. We'll just have to come up with a new one."

Judge Greene also handed down rules that will affect the cost of local telephone service. Many groups fear that the breakup of the phone company will result in higher local rates since artificially high long-distance prices have traditionally subsidized artificially low local charges. Such financial support will disappear after January, when the long-distance service is separated from the local one. Said Greene: "One of the court's principal aims throughout the public interest process has been to ensure that divestiture would not bring about or contribute to local telephone-rate increases."

Greene, for example, ordered that A T & T must assign its telephone-equipment patents to the operating companies. This will enable the operating companies to order their communication components from other suppliers rather than just from the Western Electric unit of A T & T. The judge also directed A T & T to help local phone companies recover the estimated $2.6 billion that it will cost to provide equal-quality access to long-distance carriers like Sprint or MCI, which compete with A T & T. If the local companies are unable to pay off the costs by 1994 through fees charged to the long-distance companies, A T & T will have to pick up the remaining expenses.

The final word on restraining local telephone rates, though, may come from Congress. Legislators are already considering plans to provide subsidies to low-income customers or to telephone companies with high operating costs. Some action could be taken before the big breakup occurs next New Year's Day. ■

Ford Zooms into the Fast Lane

Bold but risky, its new European styling just might pay off

Only two years ago, Ford seemed to be racing Chrysler toward the bankruptcy courts. Between 1980 and 1982, Ford lost $3.26 billion and piled up an additional $2 billion in short-term debt. The company's share of the U.S. car market declined from 22.8% in 1978 to 16.9% (1.1 million vehicles) at the end of last year.

Suddenly, things are looking up, way up. During the last ten days of June, Ford registered a robust 76.8% increase in sales over the same period in 1982. The whole U.S. auto industry was whipping along in the fast lane during that time, in fact, with a pickup of 58.7%, and sales for the entire month were up 48% over June 1982. But Ford clearly outdistanced the pack.

That represents quite a turnaround from the late 1970s, when Ford earned a reputation for manufacturing stodgy-looking cars. Concedes Edsel Ford, 34, a product planner and great-grandson of Company Founder Henry Ford: "People thought we built boring cars." Buyers were turned off by the slab sides and flat roofs on models like the Ford Fairmont and the Mercury Marquis.

But new ideas and new models are helping the company to shed its old image. In the past year Ford has introduced ten new car and truck lines. Total development cost: $3 billion. The company has taken a risky course with its new models by moving away from prevailing industry styles. Instead of just turning out near clones of General Motors or Chrysler cars, Ford is developing models with radically rounded contours, much like its own successful European cars. Says Chief Designer John Telnack: "We didn't want to stay with the herd." The danger, though, is that Ford's aerodynamic models may be too far out in front of consumer tastes.

The most advanced of the new European-styled Fords is the $12,000 Thunderbird. Its looks have won raves from auto enthusiasts, but the car's performance in the showroom has been comparatively disappointing. Thunderbird sales for the second quarter of 1983 are up 203% over the same period last year, but sales of the Mercury Cougar, which has a similar but less radical profile, are up 447% compared with the same period in 1982. The public thus seems to want some change—but not too much.

The real test of Ford's bold move, though, will be consumer reaction to the new Ford Tempo and Mercury Topaz. These compacts are competing against General Motors X-cars, the Chevrolet Citation and the Buick Skylark, and Chrysler's K-cars, the Dodge Aries and the Plymouth Reliant. Developed at a cost of $1 billion, the Tempo and Topaz were introduced in May. As part of an extravagant roll-out, the cars were launched on the flight deck of the aircraft carrier *Intrepid*, docked at a Hudson River pier in New York City. Said Chairman Philip Caldwell: "We're in a fighting mood."

It is still too soon to know for certain how well the Tempo and Topaz, which carry a base sticker price of $7,238, will do, but early signs are good. Hertz bought 15,200 of them for its rental fleet, the biggest single purchase it has ever made, and during the cars' first month on the market, dealers sold some 20,000 models, 50% more than the company's internal sales projections.

Ford has still more changes coming in its showrooms. Due out this fall is a new Lincoln Mark VII, the replacement for the heavy, clumsy-looking Mark VI. Meanwhile, the company is dropping the Mercury LN7 model, a sporty two-seater car that was introduced in 1981. Says Ford President Donald Petersen: "A car has to fulfill its promise. The LN7 didn't. It was damned disappointing."

In addition to revamping styling, Ford is also stepping up its marketing efforts. One key target is California, which accounts for 10% of all new-car sales in the U.S. Ford's share of that prime market is only 14%, and, says Petersen, "We were on the verge of being a disappearing name there." To catch up, Ford has quadrupled its market research over eight years and is conducting elaborate consumer samplings. Says Executive Vice President Harold ("Red") Poling: "Once we discover why we lost the market in California, we will prevent the same thing from happening to us elsewhere." To increase its West Coast visibility, Ford prominently displays pictures of the Mustangs it sells to the California Highway Patrol with the caption, "This Ford chases Porsches for a living."

Since American car buyers have become much more quality conscious, Ford has been racing to upgrade its products and hammering at the theme "Quality is Job 1" in advertising. As a result, the company trumpets that it now has fewer cars returned to dealers in the first year for serious defects than any other domestic competitor.

With the early returns promising, Wall Street analysts have begun boosting their profit estimates for Ford. They now think the automaker will ring up profits of $1 billion this year and could earn as much as $2.2 billion in 1984. Says Petersen: "These could be some very good years." The good outlook has helped lift Ford stock from last year's low of 16⅝ to last week's close at 55. "We must be doing something right," quips Poling.

One huge question mark, however, still hangs over Ford: the $2 billion debt load built up during the lean years. Says Auto Industry Analyst Ann Knight of Paine Webber Mitchell Hutchins: "They can dig their way out of it, but the deterioration of their balance sheet is cause for concern." Yet after all those recent bad years, Ford is not thinking too much about the debt. With a few good years, the company could pay off its old loans—and more.

—By Alexander L. Taylor III.
Reported by Paul A. Witteman/Detroit

Chairman Philip Caldwell posing next to his models, the Tempo, left, and Topaz, right

A smoother road ahead for a firm that lost $3.26 billion and built up $2 billion in debt.

Pay Up, Big Spenders

Growing calls for a consumption tax that would spur saving

In the law that every Boy Scout must learn, the word "thrifty" comes right before "brave, clean and reverent." Yet when a Scout grows up and runs into the U.S. tax code, he finds that a different law is in effect. Uncle Sam rewards big spenders much more than those who save. If a person earns $1,000 and spends it, that income is taxed only once. But if he saves the $1,000, he generally pays additional taxes on the interest the money earns. The combined impact of taxes and inflation can make saving a money-losing proposition. Borrowing, in contrast, is a savvy strategy because interest payments on debt are usually tax deductible.

Many economists argue that the tax burden should be rearranged so that it weighs more heavily on the spendthrift than on the thrifty. That change, they say, would stimulate the savings and investment the U.S. needs to revitalize its economy. Congress took a step in that direction in 1981 by allowing all income earners to set aside a limited amount of money in tax-deferred Individual Retirement Accounts. Now momentum is beginning to build in favor of a more sweeping change: a new tax on consumption that would gradually replace part or all of the present income tax system.

More and more prominent economists, mostly conservatives, are endorsing a consumption tax. They include Princeton's David Bradford, James McKie of the University of Texas, Stanford's Michael Boskin, and Alan Greenspan, who was chief economic adviser to President Gerald Ford. The idea is also bubbling within the Administration. Martin Feldstein, chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers, calls the consumption tax "appealing." Says Treasury Secretary Donald Regan: "In the long run, we have to have fewer taxes on savings. A move toward consumption taxes will probably be an absolute necessity if the U.S. is to remain competitive with other industrial nations."

A big impetus behind the consumption-tax movement is this year's projected federal budget deficit of $210 billion, which could distort and cripple the economic recovery by forcing up interest rates. Since serious spending reductions do not seem possible in the present political climate, the only alternative is the collection of more tax revenues. Economists, though, are afraid that higher income taxes would discourage savings and investment even more. Says Mark Bloomfield, executive director of the American Council for Capital Formation, a Washington tax-lobbying group: "The income tax has reached its limit in raising revenue productively. It's impossible both politically and economically to ride it any further."

Several ways of taxing consumption are being discussed. One option is the value-added tax (VAT), which is used in most West European countries. The VAT is similar to a national sales tax, except that it is paid at every link in the production and distribution chain as more value is added to a product. A furniture store, for example, pays a tax on the sofas that it buys from a manufacturer, and consumers pay the tax when they purchase the couches in the store. The VAT is also levied on services such as hairdressing, home repairs and car rentals.

ILLUSTRATION FOR TIME BY SHEBA EMERSON

A major drawback of the VAT is that it can boost inflation. After Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher raised Britain's VAT from 8% to 15% in June 1979, the British inflation rate, fueled in part by the higher tax, surged from 11.4% to a peak of 21.9% in May 1980. VAT opponents have argued that it is unfair to the poor, who must spend a larger part of their income than the rich. To moderate this regressive effect, some European countries charge 30% or more on such luxury items as television sets and cosmetics but levy no tax on basic foods and medicine. The VAT has become an important source of revenue for European nations, but no evidence has been found that it has significantly raised investment levels.

Feldstein, among others, has outlined another approach to taxing consumption that would revamp the present system of income tax filing. A taxpayer would add up all receipts for a year, including wages, interest, dividends, loans and proceeds from the sale of assets like stocks. Before determining his taxable income, however, he would subtract all money put into savings or investments. Anything taken out of savings and not reinvested would be added to income. In short, an individual would be taxed only on what he spent and not on what he saved.

The public would be less than enthusiastic about a new tax, even if it were billed as a replacement for existing taxes. Observes Edgar Fiedler, a vice president of the Conference Board, a nonprofit business-research organization in New York City: "No matter how carefully it was explained, there would be ten taxpayers whose intuition told them their taxes were going to be higher for every one who calculated that his would be lower."

Partly because of the political risks, few members of Congress have openly championed a consumption tax. Lawmakers remember that twelve-term Democratic Congressman Al Ullman of Oregon called for a VAT in 1978 and lost the next election after his opponent made the new tax a campaign issue. On Capitol Hill, the VAT is sometimes referred to as the "Al Ullman Memorial Tax." President Reagan is intrigued by the consumption-tax concept but is said to feel that it would be too complicated to explain to the voters, at least before 1984.

Democratic Presidential Candidates Walter Mondale and Gary Hart are supporting an alternative plan proposed by Senator Bill Bradley of New Jersey and Congressman Richard Gephardt of Missouri that would bring down the highest tax rates but boost Government receipts by curbing tax deductions for middle- and upper-income people. Like the consumption tax, the Bradley-Gephardt plan will have rough going in Congress.

Supporters of the consumption tax are confident that it is an idea whose time will eventually come. They argue that when future Administrations or congressional budget committees start looking for new revenue sources, they will be forced to come back to a consumption tax. Says former Treasury Secretary John Connally, who has put together many political deals: "A consumption tax can be sold. It all depends on who's behind it and how it's packaged." —*By Charles P. Alexander. Reported by David Beckwith/Washington and Cristina Garcia/New York*

Back to Braces

A fashionable executive lift

Suspenders hold up a lot of history. First worn by French aristocrats in the court of Louis XVI, they were considered a mark of the well-dressed American man from colonial times to the early 20th century. As late as 1910 it was difficult to buy a pair of trousers with belt loops. But when World War I doughboys came marching home, they wore coarse yarn belts, and by the late 1920s the popularity of suspenders began to wane.

Now a budding revival of suspenders is under way. Businessmen, lawyers, brokers and investment bankers are returning to the old way of holding up their pants. Evidence of the resurgence can be seen on Market Street in San Francisco, in Chicago's financial district and in the environs of Wall Street. The nomenclature, however, has changed. The preferred term these days, borrowed from the British, is braces.

MICHELE SINGER

"One way to be kind of crazy"

The renaissance is taking place among a group of men best known for their slavish adherence to the standard, pinstriped uniform of business. But with the stock market up and recovery proceeding, some executives are looking for a way to be discreetly dashing. Robert Greenhill, head of investment banking at Morgan Stanley, sports a pair festooned with yellow dollar signs. Well he might. Greenhill has negotiated more than $25 billion worth of deals in the past five years. At rival Goldman Sachs, Merger Specialist Peter Sachs also wears brightly colored braces.

Some suspender wearers go for out-and-out flash. Lewis Preston, chairman of Morgan Guaranty Trust, wears a pair of bright red braces. Even at Brooks Brothers, the citadel of conservative fashion, suspenders can be found in 28 different colors, from canary yellow to wild pink. Says Assistant Buyer Karen Clark: "Braces are one way these men can be kind of crazy within a perfectly acceptable realm. It allows them a bit of individuality."

The return to suspenders has also been spurred by changing fashions. Designers of more traditional men's clothing such as Ralph Lauren and Alan Flusser have popularized pants with a double front pleat. Explains Allan Ellinger, president of Alan Flusser Inc.: "The only way to make pleated trousers drape properly is to use braces."

Any man considering a switch to suspenders must be prepared to make a financial investment. Good-quality braces start at around $18 and go up to $75 for embroidered silk ones. Many wearers have a pair for each suit. Furthermore, a classic set of suspenders must be anchored by six buttons affixed to the inner waistband of the trousers. Using metal clips to hold up one's pants is considered only slightly less *outré* than wearing a pair of white socks with a business suit.

John Fedders, the 6-ft. 10-in. head of the enforcement division of the Securities and Exchange Commission, is a strong advocate of braces and calls belts "decadent." Fedders, who has been wearing suspenders since graduating from law school in 1966, even has a snap-on red pair for his blue jeans. Says he: "When I get to a meeting and want to attract attention, I'll just casually let my coat fall open, and instantaneously someone will comment on them."

In a less permissive era, showing one's suspenders was considered unseemly. Not so today. When Drugstore Magnate Lewis Lehrman ran for Governor of New York last year, his political trademark was a prominently displayed set of fire-engine red ones. Lehrman lost, but he is sticking with his red suspenders. After all, he says, "they hold my pants up." ■

SINGER

JOYCE RAY D

SINGER

Peter Sachs, Robert Greenhill and Lewis Lehrman sporting the latest sartorial trend

A budding revival as American men return to the old way of holding up their pants.

ISSOUF WADE

Chairman J. Fred Boyd at the annual meeting

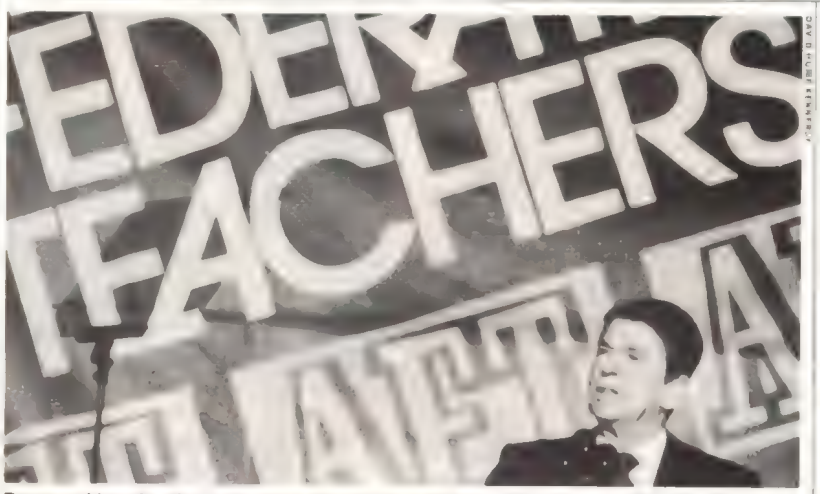
The Oldest Boss

Vermilion's chairman at 99

Although confined to a wheelchair, with failing eyesight and hearing, J. Fred Boyd has no notion of quitting as chairman of Vermilion Bay Land, a Louisiana oil-and-gas company he helped start 39 years ago. He gets monthly reports on company affairs, and attended all three of the company's board meetings last year. Last week in Detroit, he attended his 50th consecutive annual meeting, where he was elected to his 13th term as chairman. The only thing unusual about all this is that he is 99 years old.

Boyd began his career in the early 1900s, selling typewriters. He later opened an office-supply business in Muskegon, Mich., and was that city's first Ford dealer. In 1928 he invested in the Mount Forest Fur Farms of America, which raised muskrats. The company went bankrupt in 1931. He helped reorganize the failed firm as Vermilion Bay, and the company struck it rich when oil and gas were later discovered on the Louisiana muskrat farm. Vermilion now collects royalties on 60,000 acres of land in Louisiana. Last year the company had profits of $1.6 million on sales of $6.2 million. It has only four employees and obviously no mandatory retirement age. Vermilion has a pension plan, but Boyd is not included.

With C.W. Sunday, 61, handling the firm's daily responsibilities as president, Boyd's position has rarely been challenged, and he is still consulted on major decisions. Last year John Augustine, a Michigan stockbroker, was soundly defeated in his bid for a director's seat because of his failure to win Boyd's approval. This year Boyd's only opposition was a shareholder who circled the chairman's age in the proxy and wrote: "This is absurd." Boyd, who, with his wife Helen, is the second largest shareholder, with a 16.4% stake, won re-election with 84% of the voting stock. On Oct. 25, American business is due to get the first known centenarian chairman of the board. ■



Reagan addressing the A.F.T. convention: praise for "open-mindedness and initiative"

Caught in the Crunch

Under pressure, two rival teachers' unions reconsider old policies

They made a distinctly odd couple. There was Albert Shanker, president of the American Federation of Teachers and leader of the five-week New York City teachers' strike in 1968, standing beside President Reagan, whom Shanker had bitterly opposed in the 1980 election. Reagan is dedicated to granting tuition tax credits for private schooling and is determined to cut federal aid to public education. The A.F.T. is strongly opposed to both ideas. Indeed, just the day before Reagan's address last week in Los Angeles, Shanker issued a report card on the President and gave him an F+ (the plus for at least putting educational reform on the national agenda). But when Shanker invited Reagan at the assembly to meet the people "who have been fighting for excellence in education," the President applauded the teachers. And when Reagan spoke of the need to raise standards and become "partners in public school revival," the teachers—and Shanker—applauded him back.

By appearing before the A.F.T., Reagan was trying to exploit a growing national concern about the need to improve public schools. He was also indicating a willingness to collaborate with the A.F.T., which represents 580,000 school employees, perhaps furthering a split in the teachers' union movement. Said the President: "I know that there's another pretty big education organization out there. But it has been my experience that dedication, open-mindedness and initiative count for as much as size. The A.F.T., like Avis, tries harder."

As he spoke, the Hertz of teachers' unions was meeting in Philadelphia. The National Education Association, which represents 1.7 million school employees, controlled the largest bloc of delegates and alternates at the 1980 Democratic Convention. Diametrically opposed to Reagan's policies, the N.E.A. last week played host to five Democratic presidential hopefuls. The mood of the delegates at the N.E.A. meeting was defensive. Said outgoing N.E.A. President Willard McGuire: "We've often been accused of speaking to our self-interests, seeking to reduce our work loads or increase our association's membership. That's a lot of malarkey." Shanker might have been warning the N.E.A. not to dig in its heels when he told his own convention, "We are living in dangerous times. Education is under attack."

The past few years have been hard for the unions. Diminishing state revenues have left many school districts unable to meet their budgets and forced some to reduce teaching staffs. During 1982-83, there were only 87 teacher strikes, compared with 242 just three years earlier, largely because teachers have realized that they cannot shake money out of empty coffers. This spring a report by the National Commission on Excellence in Education found that teacher training programs needed substantial improvement and that too few top students are attracted to the profession. While urging that all salaries be raised, the commission proposed that superior teachers be rewarded with merit increases, a concept traditionally opposed by both unions on the ground that such bonuses might be awarded unfairly.

The two teachers' unions have longstanding ideological differences. Over the past decade, the N.E.A. has waged a campaign against standardized testing of students, claiming that the process does not accurately reflect the performance of minority students. The N.E.A. also opposes competency testing of teachers, arguing that their skills cannot be judged by a written test. The A.F.T., however, believes that standardized tests can be useful tools for measuring student progress and that competency tests are acceptable in the hiring of new teachers.

Reagan sought to exploit the differences between the unions in Los Angeles. Said he: "The A.F.T. wants to upgrade standards, including emphasis on testing both students and beginning teachers, changing curriculum to strengthen academic requirements and increasing homework assignments. So do I." He also attacked the N.E.A. for "brainwashing American schoolchildren" *(see box)*.

At both conventions the biggest and

How to Anger the President

When Ronald Reagan charged the N.E.A. with trying to "brainwash" American students, he was referring to two of its curriculum guides for teachers. One, dealing with the rise of the Ku Klux Klan, states: "It is important to remember that the Klan is only the tip of the iceberg, the most visible and obvious manifestation of the entrenched racism in our society." The Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith, as well as the Administration and the A.F.T., have publicly challenged this blanket indictment of U.S. society.

The second publication criticized by Reagan is titled *Choices: A Unit on Conflict and Nuclear War*. Its stated aim: "To help students understand the power of nuclear weapons, the consequences of their use, and, most importantly, the options available to resolve conflicts among nations by means other than nuclear war." Deputy Under Secretary of Education Gary Bauer calls the material "leftist indoctrination aimed at turning today's elementary students into tomorrow's campus radicals." The curriculum does convey the idea that nuclear war is immoral, but does not urge students to take any particular political action.

The N.E.A. has distributed 17,000 copies of the Klan curriculum guide and 5,000 copies of the publication on nuclear arms. The N.E.A., however, does not know how many school districts actually use the material.

THE LEGACY NO ONE WANTS TO INHERIT.

It's incurable, progressive, and usually terminal. There are no beneficiaries of this bequest. Muscular dystrophy leaves only casualties. It's a group of genetic diseases that weakens muscles and finally destroys them.

The recipients are primarily children. Yet, it doesn't exclude adults. Any member of the family can get it, at any time.

We at MDA are in constant search of cures or treatments for muscular dystrophy. It's one group of the 40 neuromuscular diseases we cover. The legacy we strive to leave is one of hope and good health. We'll need your help to succeed.

MDA

Muscular Dystrophy Association. Jerry Lewis, National Chairman

Put more muscle behind it.

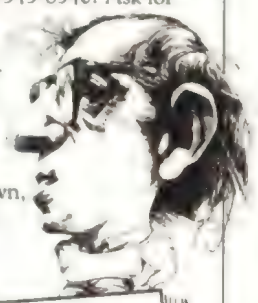
For a free recipe booklet, write Hiram Walker Cordials, P.O. Box 2235, Farmington Hills, MI 48018. Amaretto & Cognac. 50 Proof. Hiram Walker & Sons, Inc., San Francisco, CA. © 1982

FREE!

Get a free copy of **QPB Review.** It describes the 65 or so books that Quality Paperback Book Club offers each month. So, with no obligation to join—no obligation whatsoever—you get a member's-eye view of what QPB is all about.

Fiction, nonfiction, humor, poetry, how-to—QPB books are softcover editions in hardcover sizes, durably bound and printed on fine paper. But they cost up to 65% less than their hardcover counterparts.

To get your free copy of **QPB Review,** call toll-free 24 hours a day 1-800-345-8540. Ask for ext. 49. (In Pa., call 1-800-662-5180, ext. 49.) Or write to QPB, Middletown, Pa. 17057.



LIVE ON AN EASIER STREET.

A higher income. A better career. A new opportunity. The way MONEY sees it, you should see a brighter future. So if you'd like to improve your lifestyle, call for a subscription today...and live on an easier street!

1-800-621-8200 toll-free, around the clock. (In Illinois, 1-800-972-8302.) Or write to: MONEY Magazine/P.O. Box 2519/Boulder/Colorado/80322

Money
MAKE THE MOST OF IT.

Education

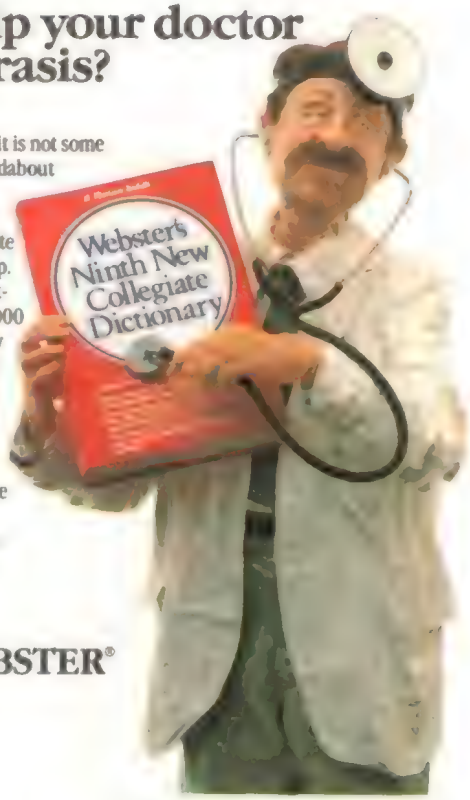
most politically sensitive issue was merit pay, a concept that is getting increased attention from politicians, the public and some key educators, including Anthony Alvarado, the newly appointed chancellor of New York City's schools. The A.F.T. has been quietly debating the pros and cons of merit pay for several months, realizing that it could not just flatly reject the concept in today's charged atmosphere. As a result, Reagan complimented the A.F.T. for "its fair and open-minded approach to other potential means of encouraging good teaching and good teachers." Another speaker at the A.F.T. convention was Tennessee's Governor Lamar Alexander, a Republican, who has proposed a sweeping merit-pay plan for his state. It would create four career stages, ultimately allowing "master" teachers to earn 60% more than the base salary. The A.F.T. gave Alexander a standing ovation, and Shanker endorsed "the freshness of the idea that deserves a hearing by all of us."

The N.E.A., by contrast, has until recently been obdurately opposed even to considering merit pay. Outgoing Executive Director Terry Herndon vowed to fight the master-teacher concept in Tennessee and anywhere else that it is tried. Supporting this determination, some N.E.A. delegates at the convention wore badges that said: TRY MERIT PAY IN THE WHITE HOUSE.

The new leadership at the N.E.A. seems to be willing to consider ways of working out a fair merit-pay plan. Mary Hatwood Futrell, the president-elect, has declared that the union is still "tough on merit pay, but not so tough that we're not willing to open discussion." Don Cameron, who succeeds Herndon as executive director, has called on the N.E.A. "to review many longstanding policies." Cameron has also declared, "Let us state that there are some incompetent teachers in America's classrooms." At the convention, the N.E.A. delegates voted to set up a task force, headed by Futrell, to monitor and assess recommendations for educational reforms and to make proposals of its own.

The unions are clearly facing a crisis. They want to protect the jobs and salaries of their members; they also want to join the movement to improve the quality of instruction. Says Scott Thomson, executive director of the National Association of Secondary School Principals: "The unions have to respond positively to the demand for quality schools." The A.F.T.'s Shanker puts the issue in practical terms: "If we show we're reasonable, we can have a new commitment to public education, especially from the business community. If we stonewall and show our political muscle, we're just going to end up isolated and destroyed. We have a golden opportunity." *—By Ellie McGrath. Reported by Anne Constable/Washington and Joseph J. Kane/Los Angeles*

Who can help your doctor cure periphrasis?



Periphrasis may be a scourge but it is not some dread disease. It is the use of roundabout language instead of something shorter and more direct.

Webster's Ninth New Collegiate Dictionary, just published, can help. This new edition of America's best-selling dictionary has almost 160,000 entries including thousands of new ones, all defined clearly, concisely, and accurately. And at many of those problem words, you'll find authoritative essays on contemporary usage.

Webster's Ninth New Collegiate Dictionary. It's the one to turn to when you want to know about the language.

Take our word for it.

MERRIAM-WEBSTER®
More people take our word for it.

© MERRIAM-WEBSTER 1983

The TIME Subscriber Service Department is now open for business.

Because you are a valued customer, we at TIME are committed to serving you in every way. And that includes taking care of all inquiries and problems efficiently and quickly.

Address changes, misspelled names, missed issues—they *can* happen. Either because we've made an error, or perhaps because you've moved. When they do, there is one sure way to get them corrected:

Write to the TIME Subscription Service Department
541 North Fairbanks Ct.
Chicago, Illinois 60611
and send your label in.

A trained staff is at your disposal, and one of our representatives will personally investigate and remedy any problem that stands between you and complete enjoyment of TIME.

Incidentally, it takes us approximately 3 weeks to receive, process and act on your correspondence.

And thanks!

© 1981 Time Inc.

Bigger Mini-Bangs for the Buck

A powerful new machine accelerates U.S. high-energy physics

As they watched a green line edge across a video screen, the excitement mounted. "It's going!" exclaimed one of the exultant scientists. "Keep going! Keep going!" shouted another. The control room soon erupted into a chorus of unrestrained cheers. Bottles of champagne were broken out, and toasts resounded.

That tumultuous scene last week, reminiscent of a locker-room victory celebration, marked a more esoteric kind of triumph. When the green line made its telltale movement at the Fermi National Accelerator Laboratory, the sprawling high-energy physics research center outside Chicago, it signified a major scientific achievement. At that instant, Fermilab's newly rebuilt accelerator (physicists prefer that term to atom smasher) climbed to 512 billion electron volts (GeV),* the highest energy level ever reached by the powerful machines used by physicists to study the fundamental secrets of matter.

The record, to be sure, was only a minor increase over Fermilab's existing capability. In 1976, five years after its completion, the accelerator hit 500 GeV and has been operating close to that level ever since. But the jubilant scientists nonetheless had reason to celebrate. The test meant that years of work had finally paid off and that the $130 million set aside to make the machine the most complex accelerator ever built had really been well spent. In the months ahead, it will gradually be boosted to 800 GeV and perhaps by next year to a trillion electron volts (TeV). At full operating power, the device will not only live up to its name, Tevatron (from the Greek *teras*, or monster, a scientific symbol for a trillion), but will also put the U.S. back in the forefront of high-energy physics. Says Fermilab Director Leon Lederman: "The Tevatron is a leapfrog. If we hadn't done it, our program would have been seriously compromised."

The ancient Greeks needed only their powerful intellects and imaginations to postulate atoms as the basic building blocks of matter. Today, more than ever before, such exploration requires complicated machines like Fermilab's Tevatron. By pummeling the nucleus, the atom's central mass, with protons or other subatomic particles, physicists can literally tear apart the fabric of matter, somewhat like peeling layers from an onion. Every peel, however, requires increasingly powerful and costlier machines. As Stanford Physicist Wolfgang Panofsky notes, "The smaller the objects, the bigger the microscope we must use to see them."

The findings at the other end of those searching instruments have excited the entire scientific world. In the past four years, Fermilab's major overseas rivals, notably CERN (the European Organization for Nuclear Research), located outside Geneva, have discovered a group of new particles that helps confirm what physicists call the standard model. This divides matter into two basic types of particles: quarks, which are the building blocks of protons, neutrons and other "heavy" components of the atomic nucleus; and leptons, exemplified by "light" particles like the electron.

The standard model also postulates that the universe is controlled by four basic forces: gravity, the glue that holds the cosmos together; electromagnetism, which keeps electrons from breaking away from the rest of the atom; the strong force, which holds together the atomic nucleus; and the weak force, which controls the gradual disintegration of some nuclei, the process at work in radioactivity.

Einstein spent the last years of his life trying to show that the gravitational and electromagnetic forces were different aspects of the same phenomenon. Although he failed in his attempt at unification, theoretical physicists have now begun to glimpse an underlying oneness in the four basic forces. With their customary whimsy, they call these theories GUTs (for Grand Unified Theories). Central to this framework is the existence of new particles, tiny fragments of matter (or energy, since the two are interchangeable) less than a trillionth the size of a bacterium, itself only about a ten-thousandth of an inch long, that transmit these forces.

Physicists have long known that the photon, or light particle, was the carrier of electromagnetism. In 1979 in Hamburg, West Germany, they discovered the gluon, which conveys the strong force. This year CERN scored its crowning achievement by confirming the existence of three particles, the W+, W- and Z°, known collectively as intermediate vector bosons. They were predicted to be the agency of the weak force. That feat was a coup for a resurgent European physics community struggling to get back on its feet after World War II. It also irritated American scientists, who had regarded themselves as the world champions in high-energy physics. Ironically, the leader of the successful CERN experiment, who may win a Nobel Prize, was Italian Physicist Carlo Rubbia, a faculty member at Harvard. He had originally proposed it to Fermilab, which decided to concentrate on the new machine instead.

Tevatron should help right the transatlantic balance. Like Fermilab's existing

Fermilab scientists watch video screens as proton beam climbs to 512 GeV

Four miles around, Fermilab's main accelerator

*G, the symbol for a billion, stands for *giga*, from the Greek for giant

accelerator, in whose tunnel it was built, the new machine is a giant four-mile-long circular particle race track, capable of whipping protons to within a shade of 186,000 miles per sec., the speed of light. When these high-velocity particles strike a target, for example, a metal bar, they shatter its component atoms, resulting in a burst of subatomic debris. Some of these particles are so ephemeral that they survive for only minute fractions of a second; from the trail they leave in detection devices, physicists are able to spot a single fragment among the millions that may have been created.

As physicists try to send more protons racing around the track at higher and higher speeds, increasing the power of these little bullets becomes considerably more difficult. They absorb more energy, become more massive, and the number of electrical pulses required to accelerate the protons rises sharply. It also takes increasingly powerful magnets to keep the speeding protons from flying off their curving pathway. Even though Fermilab operated only six months last year, its electric bill ran to $12 million.

The Tevatron should reduce those costs by half. It achieves that by a low-temperature phenomenon called superconductivity. At present, Fermilab's protons are guided by conventional electromagnets similar to those used in electrical motors. But these are already working at peak load. If any more electricity were pumped through them, their copper coils would melt from the high heat. For the Tevatron, a second proton race track has been added just below the existing one. Here the protons are guided by 1,000 custom-designed superconducting magnets (cost: $40,000 apiece), with coils of an exotic alloy of niobium and titanium. Cooled to -450° F by a liquid-helium refrigeration system, such materials lose all resistance to electricity and sharply reduce power demands. To reach its normal operating level of 400 GeV, the old machine required 60 megawatts of electricity; the new machine should consume only 20 megawatts, even when operating at a full 1,000 GeV.

Fermilab scientists, however, still have their work cut out for them. The accelerator's complex power system is only partly installed. The accelerator must also be fine-tuned so that none of the trillions of protons whirling around the track 50,000 times a second crash into the surrounding magnets, impairing their operation. But once those obstacles are overcome, Lederman and his Fermilab colleagues expect great things from their machine. "We're opening a new domain," he notes, and there are sure to be "uncovered surprises."

One object that Tevatron will seek to snare is an elusive new particle, akin to the Ws and Z's, called the Higgs (after University of Edinburgh Theorist Peter Higgs). Still others that will be hunted bear such playful nomenclature as the wino, gluino and squark. All are possible inhabitants of Tevatron's high-energy world. This fiery cauldron is a replication in miniature of the earliest universe, just moments after the Big Bang, the cataclysmic explosion in which, most physicists now agree, the cosmos was born. Says CERN's director-general, Herwig Schopper: "We are creating particles through mini Big Bangs."

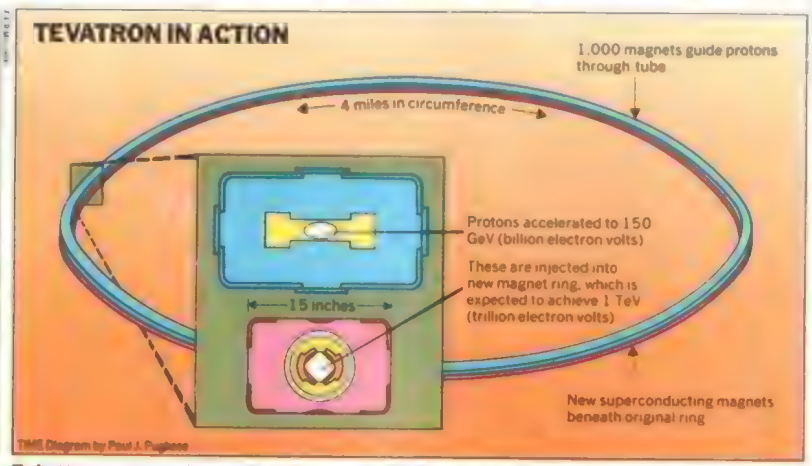
Initially cool to basic research, the Reagan Administration now appears eager to maintain American leadership in high-energy physics. Says Presidential Science Adviser George Keyworth II: "Elementary particle physics is a place where truly creative genius can show its mettle." A physicist, Keyworth likens the building of big new accelerators to the Apollo program: "Apollo wasn't just learning about the geology of the moon, it was also about leading the U.S. into an era of high technology."

In the coming weeks, the Administration will have to decide on new directions in particle physics. One option, opposed by Keyworth, is to continue work on another superconducting accelerator at Fermilab's East Coast rival, Brookhaven National Laboratory on New York's Long Island, which has been seriously delayed by technical problems. Keyworth would prefer to put most of the country's limited resources for high-energy physics into a gargantuan new accelerator. It could be as much as 100 miles in circumference, cost $1.5 billion, and reach energy levels 20 times those of Tevatron. Because it was first proposed for a site in the Southwest, physicists nicknamed the project the Desertron. Says Fermilab's Lederman, another Desertron enthusiast: "This is the cutting edge of basic research and vital to maintaining U.S. creativity and ingenuity."

Even if it is built, the Desertron will not stand alone in the new era of mega-accelerators. At CERN, the West Europeans have just broken ground for a giant accelerator known as LEP (for Large Electron-Positron storage ring). Scheduled for completion in the late 1980s, it will rifle electrons and their antimatter opposites, positrons, on collision courses along a 17-mile nuclear race track extending from the present CERN lab in suburban Geneva to the base of the nearby Jura Mountains in France. The Soviets are also laying ambitious plans. At Serpukhov, 60 miles south of Moscow, they have started work on a superconducting accelerator designed to reach three times Tevatron's energy levels.

Such friendly rivalry, says CERN's Rubbia, "keeps things bubbling. That's healthy for physics, and I hope things stay that way." But Physicist Panofsky, retiring director of the Stanford Linear Accelerator Center (SLAC) in Palo Alto, Calif., the other major high-energy research facility in the U.S., takes a longer view. Even though SLAC has just got a $112 million congressional go-ahead to upgrade its machine, which uses electrons rather than protons as battering rams, Panofsky believes that such projects will become so expensive in the next 20 or 30 years that no single nation will be able to afford them. Says he: "Eventually, the next steps will have to be taken jointly, internationally." —*By Frederic Golden. Reported by J. Madeleine Nash/Chicago*

dominates Illinois landscape



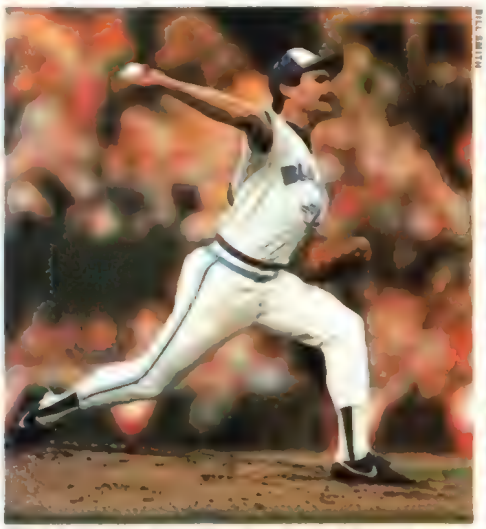
To batter apart atomic nuclei, protons are guided magnetically through nuclear race track

Swinging at Snowballs

A baseball season with the potential of a Canadian sunset

Fair territory in baseball, as defined by the foul lines, extends in theory to infinity, but whoever thought it reached Saskatoon? For half a season, Montreal and Toronto have been leading half the divisions in the major leagues, and now a Canadian World Series is more than just a chilling thought. It's a possibility, God save the Queen.

At last week's All-Star game, the northern influence was evident from the first sentimental bars of *O Canada*. The National League lineup was top-heavy with the bright particular talents of the Montreal Expos: the admirable catcher Gary Carter, the ageless hitter Al Oliver, the young speedster Tim Raines, and the man a New York *Times* poll has found to be the most respected player in the game today, Centerfielder Andre Dawson. Since Willie Mays left, baseball has had a soft spot for centerfielders with all-round gifts. Dawson won the Gold Glove at his position the past three years. While he has never quite led the league in hitting or home runs or runs batted in, almost everyone thinks he should.

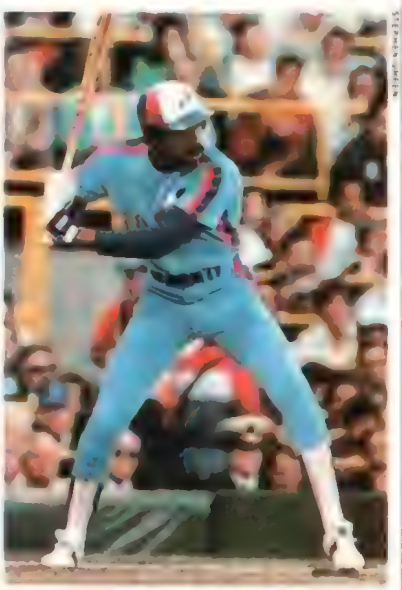


Stieb is the star of the Blue Jays, but not the only one

On the American League side, right-handed Pitcher Dave Stieb was the only All-Star from the Toronto Blue Jays, but he started the game and won it. Back when Toronto was a last-place team, just last year as a matter of fact, Stieb was good enough to pitch five shutouts and win 17 games. Now his record is 10-7 with an earned run average of 2.54, but it is misleading to consider him the Blue Jays' only star. Jim Clancy and Luis Leal have been formidable pitchers, and the able hitters include First Baseman Willie Upshaw, Outfielder Lloyd Moseby and Cliff Johnson, the old designated hitter, whose varied sojourns included a memorable pause with the New York Yankees.

In a clubhouse scuffle, Johnson wrecked Reliever Goose Gossage for 13 weeks in 1979. Mindful that the Yankees represent their primary opposition (along with the Baltimore Orioles and Detroit Tigers), the Blue Jays have loaded up with embarrassing symbols. Toronto is defraying Pitcher Doyle Alexander's guaranteed Yankee contract ($400,000 this year, $500,000 next year, $850,000 the year after that) by just $22,500 in the delicious hope that releasing Alexander will turn out to be a more expensive mistake for New York than signing him.

The Blue Jays are bubbling, but the Expos, division champs in 1981 and on the verge of a pennant for years, are less taken with the standings. "We haven't sparkled," says Oliver, the defending batting champion. "We've been lucky that the rest of the division [Philadelphia, St. Louis, *et al.*] has been pretty lousy too." Emotionally, neither team reflects its customers. As Stieb says, "Montreal has a lot of French Canadians, hot-blooded and spirited types. Toronto fans are English Americans, a bit more staid." However, he has noticed increased fan enthusiasm in Toronto since the team began winning and started selling beer.



Dawson puts colleagues in mind of Willie Mays

Cheer the good. Worry who wins later.

Canada's baseball heritage is deeper than 15 years of the Expos and seven seasons of the Blue Jays. Before Brooklyn or Los Angeles ever knew of Walter Alston, he managed the Dodgers Triple A team in Montreal, and Jackie Robinson played there in 1946. "Those were happy summers," says Al Campanis, the Montreal shortstop then, the Dodger general manager now. Before Cincinnati or Detroit ever heard of Sparky Anderson, he managed in Toronto. When Toronto grew past the point of accepting the minor leagues of anything, baseball left town for nine years. It returned to a faint but polite recognition.

"The people who come to the games in Toronto are reserved to the point of courteousness," says Peter Bavasi, operator of the expansion franchise for the first five years. Gary Carter says the Expos fans "have more loyalty to a great display of baseball skill than to the home team alone. When the other side makes a good play they don't sit on their hands like a lot of American fans." Often they clap their hands to the tune of *The Happy Wanderer*. "When you're on a roll and going good," says Steve Rogers, Montreal's best pitcher, "it's nothing to have them give you six standing ovations in a single game." Rogers can think of a few negatives in Canada: high taxes, inflated costs, language barriers. "But overall it's like a little touch of Europe," he says. "I love it."

Of course, ice hockey is the sport that moves Canadians. Tim Raines considers the past triumphs of the Montreal Canadiens a burden. Possibly the Blue Jays have found the past failures of the Toronto Maple Leafs a blessing. "I think Canadians understand baseball a lot better than Americans understand hockey," says Bob Bourne, an expert witness. Before ever playing left wing for the New York Islanders, Bourne was a minor league infielder in the Houston Astros' system. (The Astros outfielder Terry Puhl and the Chicago Cubs pitcher Ferguson Jenkins are the most eminent of the few Canadian-born major leaguers.) "I learned to play baseball on the farm, against the wall at the back of the barn," says Bourne, who comes from the sweet-sounding town of Netherhill. "It can be a simple or a complicated game, eh?" Yes, whichever you want it to be. "Well, I think most Canadians want it to be simple. Cheer the good plays, boo the bad. Worry about who wins later."

The worrying and the pennant races have begun. Since the Stanley Cup is locked on Long Island, a World Series in Canada would be a bracing kind of justice, although, as Carter says, "You might have to swing at snowballs." —*By Tom Callahan. Reported by Lee Griggs/Chicago*

People

Mason with a memento of the rebirth of *A Star Is Born*

After Warner Bros. excised half an hour from **George Cukor's** 1954 remake of *A Star Is Born*, the director vowed never to see the film again. Last week at New York City's Radio City Music Hall, after a painstaking reassembly, the original version that Cukor loved—all three hours of it—was shown publicly for the first time since its release 29 years ago. **James Mason,** 74, who played Norman Maine to **Judy Garland's** Esther Blodgett took a bow at intermission, but Film Historian **Ronald Haver** was the true star of the show. Combing musty film vaults in Brooklyn and Hollywood, Haver first found a copy of the original sound track, which he used as a guide when he began splicing in the bits and pieces of missing film that he found. The tale has many of the ingredients of a great detective story, but its penultimate scene is the stuff of pure Hollywood legend. On the night before he would have attended the first private screening of the restored movie earlier this year, Cukor died in his sleep.

■

In the end, all the backstage banter about a romantic reconciliation and all the coy onstage asides were but means of bloating the box office of their ponderous Broadway revival of Noël Coward's comedy *Private Lives*. Mercifully, it seems that **Richard Burton,** 57, and **Elizabeth Taylor,** 51, may never replay their headline-grabbing love affair again. For last week, at the Frontier Hotel in Las Vegas (what could be more romantic?), Burton wed his companion of the past 18 months, **Sally Hay,** 35. It was Burton's fifth reading of the wedding vows. (Past partners: **Sybil Williams,** Taylor, Taylor again, and **Susan Hunt.**) After learning of the marriage, Taylor, whose current consort is Mexican Lawyer **Victor Luna,** pursed her lips into a smile and said, "I've known all along they would be married and happy together."

■

It was everything **James Watt** could have hoped for in a July 4th, and more. While the Interior Secretary watched from the roof of his offices a few hundred yards away, his celebrated choice for the capital's Independence Day concert, **Wayne Newton,** 41, hauled his sequined Las Vegas act out onto the Washington Mall. (One local radio station suggested that a two-drink minimum be imposed to make the entertainer feel more at home.) Doffing a headdress that had been presented to him earlier—Newton is part Indian—the singer milked the day's patriotic sentiment, kicking off with his own version of Neil Diamond's *America*, which ended with a shameless appeal to Martin Luther King's memory as Newton intoned a snatch of King's "I have a dream" speech. Mawkishness went on to new depths, even for a July 4th, with Newton's lead-in to *Tie a Yellow Ribbon*. "May there *never* be another American held hostage on foreign soil," he solemnly descanted. "And if you feel like singing along with us, do it." Where did you say the Beach Boys were playing?

Newton: Watt's All-American boy

McEnroe: a second Wimbledon win

■

While the scuffed grass of the All England Club's Centre Court began its annual post-championship airing out, this year's Wimbledon winners, **John McEnroe,** 24, and **Martina Navratilova,** 26, were being toasted during the post-tournament dinner at London's Savoy Hotel. McEnroe, who crunched New Zealand's Chris Lewis in the straight set men's finals, had even worked on his backhanded temperament, going so far as to shake hands with the umpire and referee after one match. "I think I've made a conscious effort to get along," said he. "But don't take this too seriously."

—By E. Graydon Carter

Victor and Liz and Dick and Sally after the quintuptial nuptials

On the Record

Isaac Bashevis Singer, 78, author and 1978 Nobel laureate: "When I was a little boy, they called me a liar, but now that I am grown up, they call me a writer."

Beverly Sills, 54, director of the New York City Opera and retired diva, on the fact that she does not sing at all now, not even in the shower: "My voice had a long, nonstop career. It deserves to be put to bed with quiet and dignity, not yanked out every once in a while to see if it can still do what it used to do. It can't."

COVER STORIES

David Bowie Rockets Onward

A mercurial superstar tours in triumph

Hey, great news: David Bowie's back, and blooming.

Good question: Which one?

There are so many to choose from. It has been a long professional life by rock-'n'-roll standards, and a diverse one by any other. In a hurricane-force career that has swept over a decade, lost force sometimes but never blown out to sea, David Bowie has tried on almost as many private roles and public personas as he has written songs. In the '60s there was the strutting London mod. Then the sensitive singer-songwriter. Then in 1972 Bowie became the hero of his own concept album, *Ziggy Stardust,* playing the part in concert and, increasingly, letting it play out in life.

Bowie's brave new world; at his feet and in England two weeks ago

He led the Glitter Rock movement, turned himself into music's most exquisite artifact, then turned away. Subsumed in his own myth, Bowie became a zombie, sending back musical dispatches from the dead zone. He was a casualty, but he endured. He was a recluse, but he kept making records ("pale blinds drawn all day, nothing to read, nothing to say"), strange albums full of pity and doubt. He was a soul, not lost but stranded, who willed himself into a survivor.

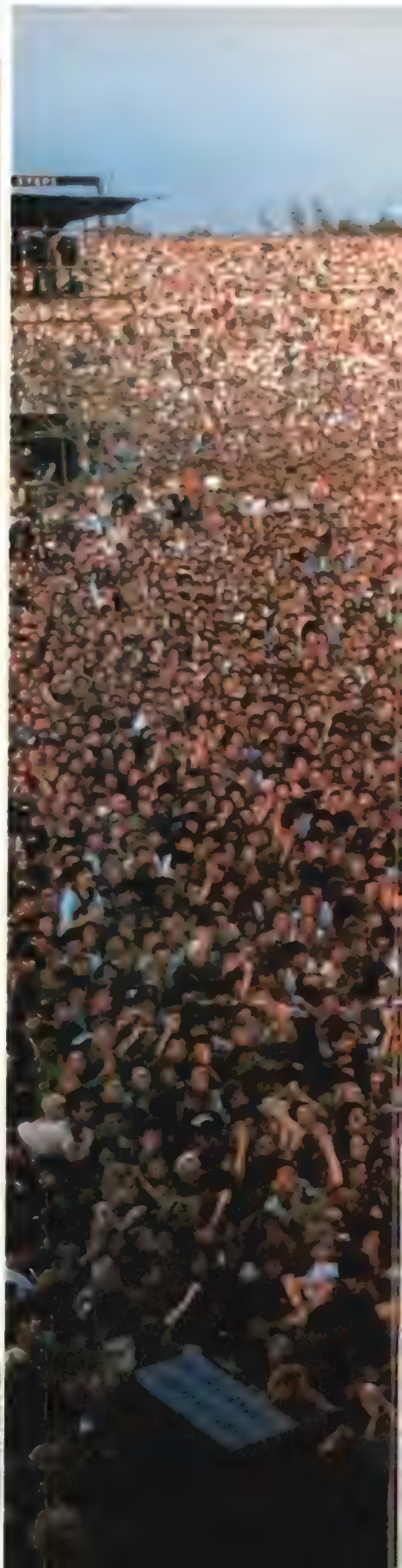
That incarnation, the current one, resplendently straight and sincere, is riding the high crest of a huge success and a resurgent career, bringing a lot of history to new songs with lines like "I'm lying in the rain/ But I never wave bye-bye." So hello, David Bowie. All of you.

At 36, the oldest fresh force in rock, this new Bowie seems to share few qualities with old Ziggy, the polymorphous camp extravaganza, the most gilded lily of rock's gaudiest age. What binds these identities together is a gift that is cerebral and carnal, frequently danceable and always entertaining. His former crony Lou Reed has sung about it. Deep down inside, Bowie has a rock-'n'-roll heart.

Bowie's first album in three years, *Let's Dance,* a record of shrewd and unsentimental dynamism, could be his biggest. It has sold more than 1 million copies, fielded one hit single and two excellent Bowie videos that are holding down heavy air space on MTV. The album and its gold-record title track are also buttressing Bowie's current tour, a blitzkrieg that has sold out stadiums all over Europe; in Gothenburg, Sweden, Edinburgh and Paris, he beat last year's Rolling Stones' attendance records. For a charity concert in London, scalpers got $150 a seat.

Bowie arrives in North America this week. First stop, Canada. Then, in mid-July, on to the States. Tickets for the two Los Angeles concerts sold out in 90 minutes. In New York, you have a better chance of hailing a cab driver who looks like Ziggy Stardust than getting two seats at Madison Square Garden for the original's own gigs on July 25, 26, 27.

Yes, Michael Jackson may have sold more records, and yes, the Police can sell out Shea Stadium. But Bowie, in many ways, can meet them and match them both, and offer something else too. A



Bowie concert, shorn of excessive theatrics, is a raved-up tutorial in rock-'n'-roll survival, a history lesson with a horn section and one of the best bands this side of E Street. This show is about the fall and rise of David Bowie. A little regeneration and a little dancing in the aisles, a touch of optimism and a double dose of rhythm and blues and, as the man himself once said, wham bam, thank you, ma'am.

New music and old, all sound on this concert tour compact and soul heavy, spirited but not demented. Bowie and band locomote through a decade's worth of favorites, from *Ziggy Stardust* through *Young Americans*, *"Heroes"*, and beyond, with an all-pro fervor that is deep into funk and goes very light indeed on the old druggy dolor. Bowie's voice is like pulverized gravel. It can give a strong foundation to a desperate love song like *"Heroes,"* or lead straight and true to the tough core of *Fame*, with its nervy, insolent last line: "What's your name?" Onstage, he seems taller than his 5 ft. 10 in. because he uses his body like a precision instrument, posing, preening, driving the song along not just with an inflection of voice but with an indentation of hip, an undulation of hand. The artificiality of some of his stagecraft is a deliberate distancing device. He must be the only rock superstar who wears a wristwatch onstage.

Musically, however, Bowie always seems to know what time it is: no need for verification. His new material is unabashedly commercial, melodically alliterative and lyrically smart at the same time. Bowie made some of the most adventurous rock of the past decade. When it did not work, it sounded trendy or tuned out. But when it did hit, which was most of the time, it laid down rules and set new marks for others to follow. Bowie kept the cutting edge keen. There are few punks or New Wavers or art rockers or New Dancers dancing to New Music who do not owe him an abiding debt. Everyone from Gary Numan to Talking Heads and Human League and Culture Club ought to make a deep bow in his direction. If the success of his new album and the galvanic concert tour are any indication, then Bowie is setting the direction once again.

Movies. Records. Mime. Broadway stage. Video. Painting. Bowie has done them all, spinning off in so many directions that he looks like a loose compass searching for magnetic north. The striking thing is how often he finds it, and how, when the needle settles, so many diverse directions have been blended into one. His rock videos are state of the art, partly because Bowie has always been a witty accomplice in his artifice. "David's a real living Renaissance figure," says Nicolas Roeg, who directed Bowie in the formidable 1976 film *The Man Who Fell to Earth*. "That's what makes him spectacular. He goes away and re-emerges bigger than before. He doesn't have a fashion, he's just constantly expanding. It's the world that has to stop occasionally and say, 'My God, he's still going on.' "

Detractors think of him as a particularly shrewd trendy, but the reason Bowie may so often be in the right place at the right time is that the audience looks for him to be there. He is the perpetual Next Big Thing. The feeling seems to be, if David's into it, then let's get on with it. He has two of the prime qualities every high-flying avatar needs: a restless imagination and a roving eye. "Never wear a new pair of shoes in front of him," his friend Mick Jagger once joked. People or music, the pattern is the same. Says his old crony and frequent producer Tony Visconti: "David will spend a very passionate, intense time with someone he loves, and he'll take notes. When he has what he wants and things have reached the point of stagnation, he goes on."

He may have heard it coming or guessed or lucked out, but whatever, the freewheeling, free-form sound that critics are calling the New Music slips neatly into Bowie's own new groove. If it is casual and a little cool, a little anonymous and a touch technocratic, then it must be New Music and *Let's Dance*. Talking about the album, Bowie can sound almost evangelistic, like Billy Graham on a crusade. He speaks of "positive music, something that has an inward glow to it, something that still has something to say but is more than the general kind of nihilistic thing I and some of my peers have been associated with." Instead, he aims to "swim against the tide of lethargy and nihilism"—this from the same man who swam upstream in those very waters not seven years ago, spawning madly. Now what he wants is "a sound which says, 'This is what emotion feels like.' "

He found it close to home. By the late '70s, Bowie had worked with synthesizers and what he calls the "Euro-techo sound": lots of strange, synthesized instruments serenading one another like computer banks pitching woo. On *Let's Dance*, he wedded those sounds to old rhythm and blues undercurrents and an idle jazz strain—as he says, "everything from Little Richard to John Coltrane." The result, modeled on "music that used to lift me up and make me feel really happy," was less a return to basics than a reappraisal of them.

Hey, Willie the Shakes, can you stand it? Some Bowie buffoonery onstage

"This is what emotion feels like"

The new album's wonderful opening, *Modern Love*, which becomes the climactic clincher of the concert, ticks off the failing solaces of contemporary life, such as love and religion, while a bouncy chorus invokes "God and man" as if they were the co-owners of the corner candy store. *Let's Dance*, a love song filled with the promise of passion and the threat of impermanence under "this serious moonlight," has one of those weird, hypnotic choruses that uses the colors and objects of dreams like surrealistic talismans: "Let's dance/ Put on your red shoes and dance the blues."

If there is a contagious sense of release, almost of giddiness, in Bowie's music, that is because he has laid his ghosts well. *Lodger*, released in 1979, was a purging and a burial. As he had on two previous albums, Bowie worked with the intense Art Rock Composer Brian Eno (*Ambient 1: Music for Airports*). *Boys Keep Swinging* mixed Bowie's band with instruments they did not normally play. Guitarist Carlos Alomar, for example, found himself playing drums. Bowie then took the chord changes from *Boys Keep Swinging*, played them at nearly half speed and came up with a romantic ballad, *Fantastic Voyage*. Bowie's classic raver for Mott the Hoople, *All the Young Dudes*, was played backward and turned into *Move On*.

It was art, but you could not dance to it. *Let's Dance* gets its licks in with a simplicity that may be deceptively easy to grasp. Its chief architect counsels caution. "Finding my style is real difficult," he says. "It's something real different for me. It's like . . . I don't want to say rebirth. But it's something like that."

There was an intervening album between *Lodger* and *Let's Dance*, 1980's *Scary Monsters (and Super Creeps)*, on which could be heard the figurative sound of Bowie picking up the pieces. They didn't quite fit yet, although the title track and *Ashes to Ashes* were two of his best songs. *Let's Dance* has all the consolidation and much of the restless peace that Bowie has been searching for. Says Japan's Nagisa Oshima, who directed Bowie in his upcoming film, *Merry Christmas, Mr. Lawrence*: "*Let's Dance* gives the impression that David really is free." This kind of freedom carries certain risks of its own, such as looking like a bisected square. "It's hard to say, 'Hey, you can be a nice guy without being a wimp,' " Bowie says. "It's hard to make people believe you don't have to be a tooth-gnashing, vampiric drug creature of the night to say something important. That same attitude, that same image, has been coming from one particular area of rock for the last 15 years, but it hasn't done anything except produce casualties."

"Fame . . . what's your name?": British fans check out Bowie '83

"One small movement can do a lot"

Bowie ought to know that area the way an old sea hand knows his charts. He navigated it and narrowly missed racking up. Even now, hymning health and positivism, Bowie is doing a delicate balancing act. Spectators who recall his previous incarnations may be pardoned for wondering if this is not another disguise.

No rocker has ever fused stage and private personalities with such dedication and calculation as David Bowie. The painted perversity of Ziggy Stardust spearheaded Glitter Rock and Glam Rock back in the early '70s. But as the centerpiece and major instigator of all this, Bowie was after something more than a shock and a trend. He wanted a confrontation with the innate theatricality of rock. In 1972, when he first hit the stage as Ziggy, decked out in makeup, dye job and psychedelic costume, the rock world was ready. Too much karma, too much good vibes, too much hippy dippy: audiences wanted decadence with a difference. Bowie was there.

There was general outrage, of course, and he kept the fires of publicity burning bright. He had already appeared on an early British album cover, *The Man Who Sold the World*, blond hair bouncing about his shoulders, wearing a dress. ("They were men's dresses," he explained later. "They didn't have big boobs or anything.") Now he boasted to the music press about being gay and claimed that he first met his wife, an aspiring fashion model from America named Angela Barnett, "when we were both laying the same bloke." Whether it was true did not matter. It was the image that mattered, and the impact that counted.

What began as fury and inspiration quickly became fashion. By 1973 rock audiences were all glammed up, while the music, by Bowie and fellow glitterbugs like Elton John and T. Rex, tried to keep going on the momentum of its own outrage. His concerts took on the dimensions of a Max Reinhardt extravaganza, with some added stage business that would have got Max busted back in old Berlin. Bowie would kneel in front of his lead guitarist Mick Ronson, clutch Mick's butt and apply his lips and tongue to the extremities of Ronson's Les Paul Custom.

Calculated outrage like this burns out fast, and Bowie was in danger of doing just that. Pale under all his stage makeup and already well into the high life, he was held together only by the weight of his old dreams. Born in Brixton, one of London's toughest neighborhoods, Bowie originally dreamed of being a painter. He describes his father Hayward Jones as "a gambler and drinker and layabout for most of his life. I have one brother and one sister that

I know about." His mother Margaret Mary Burns was a movie usher when she met Hayward, who eventually settled down doing publicity for a children's home. He brought 11-year-old Davey some Little Richard 45s and, two years later, had to shell out for a saxophone. "I thought, 'This is the pliable stuff that I can use,' " Bowie recalls. " 'This is my paint and canvas, and I think I can be quite good at it.' " His older half brother Terry had passed along a copy of *On the Road*, and Jack Kerouac's hipster visions flowed nicely into the first rushes of swinging London.

But nothing came easily. In 1969 Bowie had his first English hit single, *Space Oddity*, a chilling five-minute movie of alienation starring an astronaut. He had already been on the fringes of the music business for five years, changing his name from Jones to Bowie to avoid confusion with a member of the Monkees. He also flirted with imitating everyone from Anthony Newley to Bob Dylan, and spent three years on and off studying with the mime troupe of Lindsay Kemp, who has been described by Rock Historian Nicholas Schaffner as "Scotland's ultra-camp answer to Marcel Marceau." "Lindsay taught me more about what one can do with a stage than anyone," Bowie remarks now. "Just one small movement can do a lot."

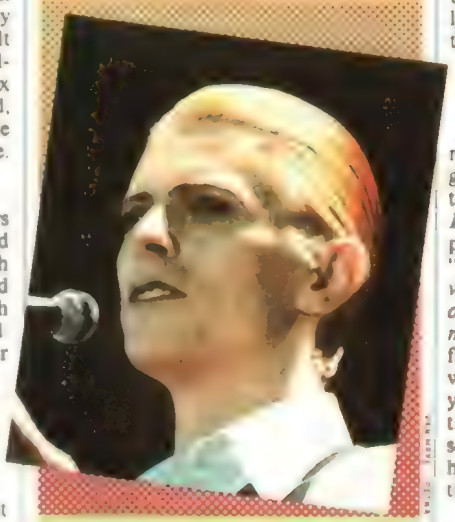
Before *Space Oddity* became a hit, Bowie could be seen at various venues throughout Britain, performing a mime inspired by the Chinese invasion of Tibet (Please, do not rush to the exits. Proceed in an orderly fashion.) After two more years and yet another record company (his sixth), Bowie produced his first important album, *Hunky Dory* was a hothouse of lush rock that contained such Bowie perennials as *Changes*, *Oh! You Pretty Things* and the enigmatic *The Bewlay Brothers*. That song may have been an oblique allegory of David and Terry Jones, who has spent much of his adult life in a mental institution and whose illness has long haunted his half brother. Six months after *Hunky Dory* was released, *Ziggy Stardust* appeared, and Bowie ceased to be a simple star, or even a force. He became a movement all by himself.

It did not take long for the imitators and disciples to rev up, but Bowie held on to his commanding lead. Although he had by now married Angela and had a son Zowie, Mom and Dad both made it clear they were not domesticated. "How does it feel," a combative reporter asked Angie, "to be married to the man who everybody thinks is the world's king faggot?" "I think it's great," she replied. "I love it. It all depends on your knowledge of gay culture, of which I can happily say I'm a member."

Bowie, who speaks frequently if not persuasively of his shyness, says he created characters to mask his own feelings of inadequacy. "I really didn't feel back then I had too much to show," he says. "What would I do up on a stage? The only thing was to try and conjure up a figure to do the performance for me because I felt I was much safer playing roles. I was writing plays for these people, minimusicals." This, in turn, took on its own dark corollaries, with some assistance from various controlled substances. "I found," Bowie says, "that I was adopting the characters offstage. And then I found that I was living like the character, that the character was slowly evolving and taking over."

Three pop personas: prime Ziggy . . .

. . . Ziggy as gilded swashbuckler . . .



. . . and the grim Thin White Duke

Bowie had taken his name, he once told the Novelist William S. Burroughs, because "I wanted a truism about cutting through lies." Not even Jim Bowie's renowned blade could have cut through the craziness that was surrounding Bowie now or even the tales that had been building up around him. As early as 1969, according to Tony Visconti, who lived outside London with David and Angie, life was like a lysergic version of *Les Liaisons Dangereuses*. "Thursday night was gay night. David would go to a gay club, Angie to a lesbian club, and they would both bring home people they found. We had to lock our bedroom door because in the middle of the night these people they brought back home with them would come climbing into new beds, looking for fresh blood."

The anecdote bears a more than passing resemblance to *The Hunger*, a current high-gloss horror epic in which Bowie appears, memorably, as a kinky vampire who becomes suddenly susceptible to the ravages of old age and bad living. This may be a case of a movie feeding off an old myth, or a fresh myth being created to help a new movie, in any case.

Bowie's musical excursions into sexual exotica, like *John, I'm Only Dancing*, have always seemed more like exercises in style than specific autobiography. His gay following was strongest, not surprisingly, in the Ziggy days, even though Bowie now claims that all the camp panoply was just "an image."

What does not seem to have been greatly embellished is Bowie's own narrative of his meandering into overindulgence. He evolved a new character called the Thin White Duke. He released *David Live* in 1974 with a cadaverous cover that prompted the subject himself to remark, "That record should have been called *David Bowie Is Alive and Living Only in Theory*." An album of original songs, *Diamond Dogs*, with lyrics patched up from fragments à la Burroughs, gave early warning of disaster: "When they pulled you out of the oxygen tent you asked for the latest parties." "I was living these songs," Bowie says now. "I didn't really have to make me like that. I *was* like that."

Bowie's musical skills remained sharp, his sense of musical direction undiverted. *Fame*, from 1975's *Young Ameri-*

cans, was co-written with John Lennon and Carlos Alomar; the result, besides being Bowie's biggest single up till then, has a good claim to being the first breakthrough disco song. By 1975 he was living in Los Angeles, in a vast rented house in Bel Air, keeping company with dabblers in black magic and refusing to see his old friends. One of them, who managed to penetrate his defenses, recalls watching Bowie work his way through a long night of coke madness, then say, almost to himself, "I'll probably end up like Terry."

"I was somewhere else," he says now. "The songs were taking me over in the end. It may seem like three or four stages, but for me it was one continuous grinding journey. It led me just as near to insanity as I ever hope to get." An album recorded at this time, *Station to Station,* has all the scary strength of a first-draft suicide note. "Really horrendous" is the way Bowie describes the title track now, "just dreadful. It was a joyful anthem to nihilism." He had also become nuttily enamored of the "mythology" of fascism and would allow in interviews that he would make "an excellent dictator." At the end of a 1976 concert tour, he finally crashed, appropriately in Berlin, feeling "empty, drained and rotting inside."

He looked like some horrifying Polaroid, a rock-'n'-roll Dorian Gray, "positively skeletal," as he remembers, "and mentally about the same." He took a small apartment in the Kreuzberg section, a neighborhood that was "nice, tough and working class," and set about the serious business of cleaning up, recovering a certain kind of anonymity ("Berlin's absolutely the opposite of Los Angeles—star status doesn't mean anything") and starting over. Music was his only continuity. It was a lifeline. "Brian Eno came to my rescue in a way," he says now. "He came along and said, 'Hey, I have a whole new way of listening to music.' Everything about him was brand new." Bowie says the three albums they made together *(Low, "Heroes," Lodger)* "hurt. Those songs came from a very aching source. My whole cleaning-up period came through that trilogy. And I think I was successful at dropping my personas completely." Perhaps; or, anyway, dropping them as much as a showman-savant like Bowie ever can. Some lines from *Ashes to Ashes* come to mind: "I've never done good things/ I've never done bad things/ I've never done anything out of the blue."

During this period, he also reunited with Zowie, now answering to Joey—David and Angie divorced in 1980—who lived with him and went to school in Berlin. "Joey definitely influences the work I do," Bowie says. "Just knowing he's there has left an impact on my music, and he's more influential than anything else in making me try to cut a path through the crap."

Joey, now 12, has been with his father on several legs of the European tour, and will join him in America. They live, with decided privacy and some semblance of serenity, in a house overlooking Lake Geneva in Switzerland. There are certainly rock stars who are richer, but no tears of sympathy should be shed over the Bowie savings account. His new record company, EMI America, paid him between $10 million and $17 million to sign on for five albums. Exact figures are hard to come by—no record company wants its other clients to renegotiate for what the star attraction is getting—but it is a rich deal at either end of the spectrum. Bowie's impact and influence have always charted higher than his actual record sales. In a decade on RCA in the U.S., his 19 albums sold a combined 10 million copies, while sales of singles added up to 3 million. Until the *Let's Dance* smash, this would have meant that EMI was making a heavy investment in prestige. Now it looks as if they may have lucked out.

TONY MCGEE

Suitable for framing: the master, at formal ease

Bowie—who has undertaken boxing and martial arts instruction to let off steam and claims to sooth nerves and ears listening to Polish and "Chinese Communist music"—is still bedeviled by those old interviews in which he rushed giddily out of the closet. He speaks of them now as the major miscalculation of his career, claiming he was never gay, bisexual, a transvestite or any selection of the above. Says he: "I was so young then. I was experimenting." He may be more at peace now, but no one is suggesting that complete equanimity comes from perfect equilibrium. Thoroughly tanked one night in Berlin last year, Bowie extinguished a lit cigarette in a fan's ear and woke up the next afternoon in a hippie crash pad.

"There is no definitive David Bowie," he once remarked. Ziggy and the Duke have been slithered out of, like shucked snakeskins, but their creator remains a well-nurtured enigma. Perhaps by design: in concert or in conversation, he always seems like a scrupulous creation. The body, even relaxed, seems conscious of pose. The face—Leslie Howard sketched by George Grosz—can be nearly beautiful, but the mouth splits its sculpted lines when it turns up into a toothy, gratified grin, like Chaplin's as he watched a fat man fall. Bowie's eyes, always appraising, seem to look straight down to his center. Each is different, the right blue, the left gray, and only one pupil works. Hit hard during a teen-age fight, the gray pupil is permanently dilated, fixed forever, like a frozen camera shutter, for permanent depth of field.

No wonder that the camera is so kind. The eyes have always had it, and Bowie has always been as successful with a lens as a microphone. His appearance in *The Man Who Fell to Earth* was both a dissection of the Bowie mythology to that point and a portent of the bleak direction it was about to take. Oshima's *Merry Christmas, Mr. Lawrence,* to be released in America in the fall, casts Bowie for the first time in a heroic mold, as a neurotic but noble British P.O.W. in Java during World War II. Bowie is graceful and compelling in the part, with enough residual mystique to transform what is basically a supporting role into a star turn.

The rise of rock video and MTV plays perfectly into Bowie's plans, as well as his mystique. Eno's new ways of listening to music in 1976 are by 1983 new ways of watching it. No one looks better on rock video, or makes better tapes. Like some stalwart stepchild of Roeg and Oshima, Bowie works hard on his video outings. He sketches out each shot, consults with the director on everything before stepping in front of the camera. The results, startling and often funny, are more than musical presentations. They are essential refractions of the songs. Concert personas are thus definitely superfluous. Bowie can become a new character, fixed with the permanence of tape and film, with each new song.

It seems finally to be what he always wanted. The form remains flexible, a regulated extravaganza of mixed media, but the music, mutable in its style, comes always from the same fixed source. From deep beneath a troubled heart, and from right between the eyes. —*By Jay Cocks.*
Reported by Gary Lee/Gothenburg

New Rock on a Red-Hot Roll

Sizzling sales have record execs dancin' in the suites

By any standards the summer is a knockout. After four years of slumping sales and stagnating sounds, the pop music industry is once again experiencing a welcome artistic and financial bonanza, one that is making this rock 'n' roll's headiest season of the decade. Says Gil Friesen, president of A & M Records: "People are buying so many albums by new artists, it adds up to a new passion."

The fervor is big business. If the beat continues, record and tape sales will soar some 10% over last year's total of $3.6 billion. Soul Rocker Michael Jackson's No. 1 *Thriller* may sell 9 million copies by the end of the year. David Bowie's *Let's Dance* has moved 1 million in just three months, and *Synchronicity*, the latest album by the Police, has sold 2 million in less than a month.

From 1979 until just a few months ago, many of the ten- to 24-year-olds, who buy 44% of all pop records and tapes, were spending their money in video arcades instead of the stores. Arcade revenues have flattened out, but the music industry has also suffered from rising production costs, huge long-term artists' contracts and an estimated $1 billion in revenues lost to home-made recordings on cassette tapes each year. The result: 150 million fewer records and tapes were shipped last year than in the industry's peak year, 1978.

Now a diverse but irresistible mix of sounds has brought the kids back not only to the record racks, but to the clubs and the concerts as well. New Music, a blend of soul, rock, reggae and disco set to a synthesized, whipcrack beat, has them buying and dancing again. The robotic rhythms are not a return to the polyester fever of disco, however. "Disco's out," says Arista Records President Clive Davis, "but dancing isn't."

New Music, by stars like post-punk Adam Ant *(Goody Two Shoes)* and Boy George *(Do You Really Want to Hurt Me?)*, unknown to most people over 30, is moving millions of adolescent feet. Indeed, all pop music, from heavy metal to soul, is sharing in the revival. PolyGram Records Executive Jack Kiernan notes that the recording studios are booked solid again, a sign of long-term stability. Says he: "We're spending for the future."

Why is it happening? One place to ask is your local cable company. Seven days a week, 24 hours a day, MTV, the two-year-old Warner Amex channel, beams rock-'n'-roll videotapes into 14 million homes across the nation. The tapes, from established stars like the Rolling Stones to hopefuls like the Fixx, are offered free by recording companies in return for air play. Their impact has gone far beyond promotional gimmickry. Says PolyGram's Kiernan, whose group Def Leppard went platinum after TV exposure: "You can feel the sales right away."

MARK MACLAREN

Back at the racks in Tower Records' new Manhattan shop

"So many albums by new artists, it's a new passion."

Costing an average $35,000 to produce, the three- to five-minute clips on Music Television were originally little more than lip-synched concert or studio bits. Now they accompany almost every album and are often mini-epics. Michael Jackson's *Beat It* is a $150,000, five-minute *West Side Story*, in which the singer flashdances through a cast of 80 gang members (most of them real Los Angeles street dudes) and 60 scenes to avert a showdown.

Jackson's tape almost did not make the air, providing New Music with its first real controversy. Top black stars like Soul Singer Marvin Gaye and Funk Punk Rick James do not appear on MTV. The network claims that music, not skin tone, dictates air play: rock 'n' roll, not soul. Nonetheless, CBS/Records Group President Walter Yetnikoff reportedly threatened to pull his company's videos (including platinum groups Men at Work and Toto) off the channel unless MTV played Jackson. Still, Clive Davis says, "the current concession is tokenism."

The question of who gets on playlists matters, because videos have become all but compulsory for rock groups hoping to go gold. Robbie Grey of Modern English thinks MTV has exposed exotic groups to nationwide audiences. Says he: "There was a real big buzz about us in places like Baton Rouge, La., and Lincoln, Neb." The band Journey sold a whopping 6 million copies of its last album, *Escape*, without any clips, but it has made three for its current *Frontiers* anyway. Says Drummer Steve Smith: "We feel it's necessary just to be part of what's going on." The form also attracts talented directors who like to experiment with it. TV Commercial Specialist Bob Giraldi (Miller Lite, McDonald's) masterminded *Beat It*. Director Jay Dubin (Sony, Care-Free gum) is filming Billy Joel in a high-budget series of clips, including a variety-show spoof co-starring Model Christie Brinkley. Dubin wants to keep his micromovies lighthearted. Says he: "A lot of the clips are too heavy and self-indulgent." Performance Artist Laurie Anderson thinks that rock video is potentially exciting, but notes, "Much of it is just boys playing the guitar on the roof, boys playing the guitar in the shower. It's redundant."

Even though MTV may end this year several million dollars in the red, the experiment should eventually pay off. The channel now boasts four times as many commercials as it had last year. And there is already a growing flock of imitators. NBC will air *Friday Night Videos*, a 90-minute rock-tape fest starting later this month, and HBO now has *Video Jukebox "LP."* The Nashville Network is offering its 7 million subscribers videos of Conway Twitty, Barbara Mandrell and other country-and-western stars. Black Entertainment Television will program six weekly hours of soul and reggae clips. The Playboy Channel has a predictably unzipped approach to rock 'n' roll. Plans now include *Banned in Britain* (tapes the BBC would not air) and mildly steamy footage of a *From Here to Eternity*–style beach scene in Bowie's *China Girl*, expurgated for MTV censors.

Long Island's Stray Cats let loose, moving millions of adolescent feet to a whipcrack beat

Radio, in the form of the 300 album-oriented rock FM stations (AORs) across the country, is still more important to the industry than all of the cable companies combined. Record executives consider it by far the most powerful selling medium. In the late '70s, AOR stations had developed bland, unimaginative formats, courting affluent older listeners with golden oldies like Jethro Tull and the Doors. The play-it-safe programming stifled new sounds and new sales. Says Songwriter-Bassist John Crawford of the pop group Berlin: "Radio kept playing *Stairway to Heaven* [the decade-old Led Zeppelin tune]. Everybody already had that album. They weren't going to buy it again."

In 1979, the debt-ridden and desperate KROQ in Pasadena, Calif., broke the bland playlist. Its new format: then unknown bands like Britain's Duran Duran and the rockabilly Stray Cats (both now megagroups). The reversal was quick. When Berlin's *Pleasure Victim* played on the station, a surprising 25,000 copies were sold locally. Now KROQ is the No. 1 rock station in the large Los Angeles radio market. Says then Program Director Rick Carroll, who now advises ten other stations on strategy: "I sensed that there was a big audience out there looking for something of their own. Music just didn't have the excitement of the early '60s." This year Atlanta-based Consultant Lee Abrams, a czar of AOR programming, began feeding his 75 client stations a completely revised "Superstars" format, opening it up to unknown artists. Says Steve Leeds, an MCA talent director: "People have gone from artist orientation to song orientation. They hear a song and buy it without caring who the artist is, and the business thrives on breaking in new acts."

Television and radio have created a demand for rockers in the flesh. After three miserable seasons, the concert business is thriving again. The Police, who four years ago played to seven people in Poughkeepsie, N.Y., will perform before 1 million fans this summer in 30 U.S. cities. They sold out New York's Shea Stadium in just five hours for an August concert. Frontier Booking, New Music's hottest agency, will put 20 bands on the road this summer, twice as many as last year. The Liverpool group A Flock of Seagulls, for instance, arrived last year planning to give just a dozen concerts, and wound up touring for six months.

Dance clubs are jumping sky-high. From New York's Ritz to Madame Wong's West in Los Angeles, the dead discos have been displaced. Gone are the glitterballs, replaced by giant video screens. Their new music? Ringing cash registers and everything from rap music to technopop. The First Avenue club in Minneapolis, for instance, attracts up to 1,200 patrons each night to its multilevel cavern of stages and dance floors, plus four giant screens and 15 video monitors integrated with computer graphics. A good club disc jockey keeps well ahead of radio, dropping a record when it starts getting air play. Says Deejay Roy Freedom: "The club is an escape. People want to hear something that's not on the car radio."

For home listening, the record industry has helped itself by developing a number of low-priced alternatives to $8.98 albums. The mini-LP ($4.49) contains about five rather than ten songs, and introduces new groups like Scandal, who might have been bypassed on a full-price album. The 12-in. single ($3.49), an extended version of the standard 45-r.p.m. disc remixed with extra instrumental riffs for dancing, can sell as many as 200,000 units extra for every million-selling hit. Deejay John ("Jellybean") Benitez, 25, of Manhattan's Fun House, is so accomplished at remixing hits for club use that his version of *Far from Over*, the single from the just released *Staying Alive* sound track, has been made the official one by RSO Records. He stretches the song by moving segments of it around and expanding the tonal range so that there are more deep-bass and high-register sounds. The result is a more spacious and physical experience on the dance floor. Says Jellybean: "Before, it seemed like a record just got started, and before you could dance, it was over."

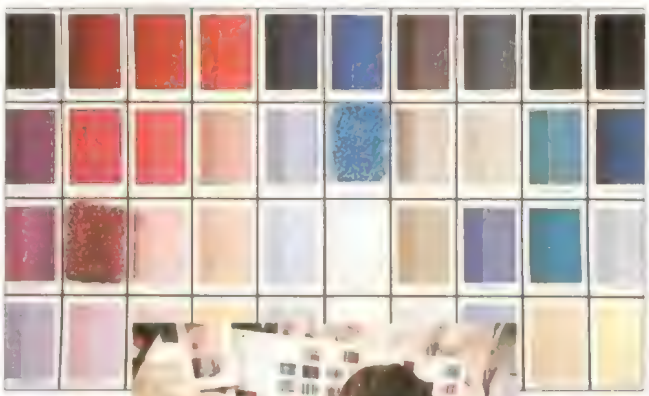
In New York last week, a seminar on the New Music drew 3,000 registrants, triple last year's attendance, when the sounds were still percolating in urban clubs. Along with performers sporting exploded haircuts, leather earrings and unisex makeup, the execs celebrated rock's sizzling summer with predictions about an even more lucrative fall. Said Organizer Tom Silverman of independent Tommy Boy Records: "People are all psyched up here. It's a changing of the guard. Instead of preaching, even the whitebeards are listening." What they are hearing right now is bound to keep their toes, and their calculators, tapping to the beat. *—By J.D. Reed. Reported by Stephen Koepp/New York and Alessandra Stanley/Los Angeles*

Michael Jackson struts in the $150,000 videotape version of the No. 1 hit, *Beat It*

The Bluing of America

Color psychology is used routinely to manipulate tastes

The eight stylishly dressed jurists huddled around a stark, white, rectangular table were sifting through endless snippets of yarn and swatch upon swatch of silk, rayon and linen. "We need to soften the yellow to almost a blond yellow," one mulled aloud, squinting at several fabric squares. A green swatch was rejected by one woman with a disapproving, "That's too much of a bathroom tile shade." Another tan square drew the comment, "Good. It doesn't have any shine, like a brown paper bag." It seemed for a time that no decisions would be reached, but after 2½ hours of gentle tussling, the group last month in the Manhattan town house offices of the Color Association of the United States (CAUS) finally accomplished its goal: predicting the color of women's apparel for the spring/summer season of 1985.



Fieldcrest designer using chart, above
Taking cues from King Tut and Princess Di.

Psychologists have long declared that color conveys emotional messages and exerts a profound effect on behavior. Accordingly, advertisers and manufacturers, who receive information from CAUS, routinely use color psychology to manipulate consumer tastes. Thus, detergent boxes tend to have pure white backgrounds or designs in bold, primary colors to foster an image of cleanliness and strength. Vacuum cleaners for the home are light colored, indicating subtly to women that the machines are light in weight and easily maneuverable; a similar model may appear in a bold, primary color when its intended buyer is a man who wants the machine for heavy garage duty. Brands of low-tar and -nicotine cigarettes sport labels with large white areas and light-colored letters to convey a feeling of purity. White on cans of light beer and diet soda connotes low calories.

Outside the world of commerce, color is employed in therapeutic settings. At Aid for the Retarded, a shelter and workshop in Stamford, Conn., the walls are painted peach, blue and yellow to promote relaxation. Colored yarns are used in occupational therapy to compensate for the monotony of the tasks. Says Faber Birren, 82, the dean of American color researchers: "Color distracts you from yourself and relieves you of inner anxieties, melancholies and fears."

The Color Association, a major force in guiding U.S. color tastes, has been issuing projections for clothing for more than 60 years and a forecast covering home furnishings and appliances for nearly 30 years. About 700 companies, ranging from textile houses to car manufacturers to bathroom-fixture makers, receive each year the color forecast cards. Membership annually: $320. According to the current women's apparel color selectors, all of them from fashion and textile firms, stores will be stocked 18 to 24 months from now with clothing in mint green, lemon yellow, orange-red and many shades of blue. Says Art Historian Margaret Walch, associate director of CAUS: "The palette is bright, pretty, feminine."

The color prophesies of CAUS and other organizations have a demonstrable effect. After studying the 1983-84 forecast, which predicted the increased popularity of soft, muted greens, Fieldcrest has introduced new shades of green in its line of towels. The auto companies, working with CAUS charts, are hoping that buyers in 1985 will flock to silver cars.

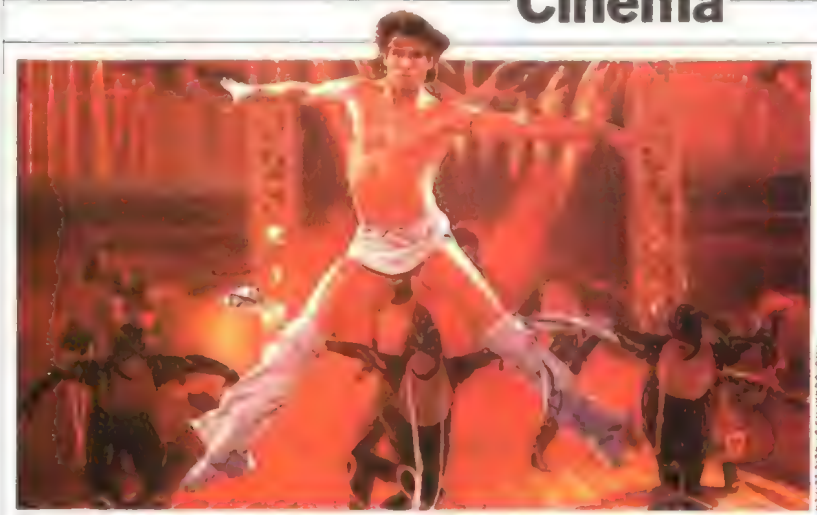
Divining the public's particular color preferences year by year can sound like a mystical endeavor, and in many ways it is. "The color climate is very nebulous," says Marielle Bancou, executive director of CAUS. "It's a feeling about color that's 'in the air.' " Currently, color sages take their cues from several sources. For example, the colors favored by notables: Princess Diana, a prime influence, sparked an interest in melon pink. Another major cue contributor is the art museum. The 1978 King Tutankhamun show, says Walch, "ushered in an entire five years of golds, browns and earth tones." The current "La Belle Epoque" costume exhibit at New York City's Metropolitan Museum features the pale greens, roses and blues that figure prominently in the fall/winter 1984-85 projections.

Political and economic trends also carry some weight. "The essentially grayed palette that will be coming in fall/winter 1984-85 was chosen when the economy was in deep trouble; it gives us a kind of solace because it creates a comfortable, tension-free, calm environment in an era that looked like it would lack these qualities," explains Walch. But with the economic upswing, the color experts' forecasts for spring/summer 1985 have shifted to a "basically cheerful, happy look."

Birren, however, discounts the influence of social currents. Revolving color schemes in the U.S., he contends, are merely a reflection of the American penchant for change. Tastes in colors, he maintains, run in cycles. When a shade is "in," it generally has a three-year run. Some colors, like purple, notes Birren, never become wildly popular. "I suspect," he says, "there must be something profound in human nature that prevents certain exotic colors from really going over." His studies also indicate that different colors appeal to specific types of people: red to the active, yellow to the high-minded, orange to the friendly, blue-green to the fastidious. Moreover, he says, there are cultural preferences. The introverted Nordic peoples favor cool greens and blues, while the extraverted Latins are drawn to warm reds and oranges.

And the U.S.? According to CAUS's Walch, the future looks clear and bright and not just for clothing. Because trends in colors are so pervasive, vivid hues will likely appear in some unusual places. Says Walch: "By the late '80s, we may even be seeing red refrigerators and red kitchen walls." —*By Anastasia Toufexis. Reported by Dorothy Ferenbaugh/New York*

Cinema



The same old show must go on: Tony goes out there a Broadway gypsy and comes back a star

42nd Street Meets Flashdance

STAYING ALIVE *Directed by Sylvester Stallone*
Screenplay by Sylvester Stallone and Norman Wexler

It sounded like a match made in show business heaven. John Travolta: instant superstar when he strode down a Brooklyn sidewalk, the white-suited knight in a grungy Camelot, as Tony Manero in *Saturday Night Fever;* consolidation of stardom in *Grease* and *Urban Cowboy;* a sensitive actor with a stud's lean physique. Sylvester Stallone: instant superstar when he laced up his gloves and socked it to the champ for the full 15 in *Rocky;* consolidation of stardom in *Rockys II* and *III,* which he directed as well as wrote, mixing sentimental bravura with slam-bang action sequences. And who was Tony Manero anyway but Rocky Balboa with faster feet? You've seen one athletic, inarticulate, sweet-souled Italian American, you've seen 'em both. And so the deal was made: pair Travolta and Stallone for a sequel beyond all sequels, a refreshed *Saturday Night Fever* that would take Tony out of Bay Ridge and put him up against the best Manhattan has to offer. Broadway! Dancin'! Cross-cultural amour! Local boy hits big time! If he can make it there, he'll make it anywhere . . .

Travolta: fevered

Staying Alive doesn't make it anywhere: not as character study, not as an ersatz *Chorus Line,* not even as a canny exploitation of the good will engendered by *Saturday Night Fever.* Six years after Tony crossed the Brooklyn Bridge into the city of everyone's tattered dreams, he is stuck in a rut just off Broadway, teaching jazz dance by day, tending bar at night. Encouraged by his palfriend Jackie (Cynthia Rhodes), Tony auditions for the chorus of a musical called *Satan's Alley*—a sort of rock musical comedy version of Dante's *Inferno*—and falls for Laura, the show's star (Finola Hughes). Tony gets the job because, as the musical's choreographer tells him, "you have anger and a certain intensity. And that's what I need to make this show work." Sure enough, by opening night Tony has the starring role. The youngster impulsively turns the final duet into a solo and comes back a star.

As always, Travolta is urban gorgeous and very charming. The rest of the film is neither. It brandishes the New York look, where every man needs a shave, and every woman a Porcelana rubdown. The *Satan's Alley* production numbers, full of grinding pelvises, heavy metaphors and a climactic ascending platform, have all the pretensions of *Cats* or a Bob Fosse musical but with none of the spirited style; this show would never get to previews. Stallone seems not to have noticed or cared. He heads off in opposite directions—toward *42nd Street* and *Flashdance* Avenue—and loses himself in the contradictions. With the exception of one rehearsal sequence, feverishly edited to Brother Frank Stallone's catchy *Far from Over,* the movie brings neither kick nor context to its song track (including five new ones by the Bee Gees). The raunchy zest of Tony's family feuds in the first film turns flat as a '50s malted here: he and his mother are soulful as saints. Most important, the movie lacks the naive vitality that seduced moviegoers to strut out of the theaters in 1978 and strut right back in again. *Staying Alive* begs every question but one: Can a movie close on opening day?

—*By Richard Corliss*

Rushes

STROKER ACE
This is the latest model of what might be termed the Burt Reynolds Formula One Vehicle. The sometime bandit is a respectable NASCAR driver in *Stroker Ace.* That means that the skids and scrapes in which he defies death without losing his good-ole-boy aplomb take place on such premises as the Daytona 500 race track. He is also amiably mystified to find himself drawn to a woman (Loni Anderson) who is as tenacious in defense of her virginity as he is in pursuit of a championship. That, however, completes the list of the film's novelties. As usual, many brawls and gags are thrown in. Reynolds makes these films with a group of good buddies, and as outtakes of on-set goof-offs run over the credits show, they have fun. But the products increasingly resemble the snapshots that guys pass around when they return from a fishing trip. You can almost hear: "Well, you really have to have been there . . ."

PUBERTY BLUES
Australian Director Bruce Beresford approaches the adolescent surfing culture of a Sydney suburb as if he were an anthropologist and his subjects were an exotic outback tribe. But the somewhat distant and objective manner that served so effectively to dehydrate his *Tender Mercies* fails him here. Two girls (prettily played by Nell Schofield and Jad Capelja) scheme to gain admission to the gang, win acceptance and then at last outgrow the group. The tale is not told with great dramatic intensity. Nor is it really as strange and shocking as Beresford seems to think it is. Indeed, to jaded American eyes these teen-agers are rather mild, old-fashioned and languid in manner. As a result, the film is something of a throwback, as if it might have been called *Gidget Meets the Heck's Angels.*

ONE DEADLY SUMMER
With her pouty face and magnificently sleek body, Isabelle Adjani looks like a Barbie doll grown up and gone bad. At 28, she has become the divine masochist of the French cinema, playing Truffaut's *Adele H.,* or a woman who gives birth to a monster in *Possession.* This time Adjani has turned on her siren to play a troubled tramp in a village in southern France. In a cartoon of lust, she sashays provocatively down the main street, shimmies at the local dance, strides naked through backyards—all because of some dreadful childhood demons that take Director Jean Becker 2 hr. 10 min. to exorcise. The movie stinks, but Adjani makes it sizzle. With *One Deadly Summer* this French Barbie should find her way into the closets of many more overage little boys. ■

The Malady Was Life Itself

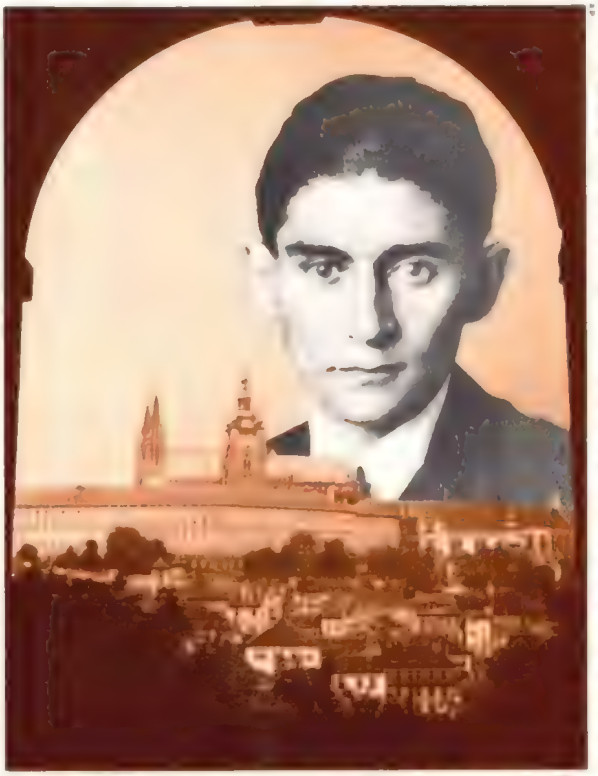
FRANZ KAFKA: THE COMPLETE STORIES. *Schocken, 486 pages, $22.50*

Anguish was not Franz Kafka's central obsession. It was his only one: the misery of illness, the descending sorrows of guilt, estrangement and despair. Torment stains every page of his fiction, and his autobiographical writings are so clotted with disorders that one collection states: "Frequent references to insomnia and headache have not been included in the index."

Not all the sickness was psychosomatic. Kafka succumbed to tuberculosis in 1924 at the age of 40. But he regarded even real disease with paranoid suspicion: "My brain and my lungs must have conspired in secret." He believed in "only one illness, and medicine hunts it blindly like a beast through unending forests." The malady was life itself.

Given this nihilism, this self-loathing that seems the dark side of narcissism, why does Kafka remain, 100 years after his birth, one of the authentic voices of the age? The answer lies in this centenary volume, *Franz Kafka: The Complete Stories*. His tales, some no more than a paragraph long, have forced their way into the modern consciousness. In *The Metamorphosis*, Gregor Samsa turns into an insect; in *A Hunger Artist*, a professional faster starves himself to death "because I couldn't find the food I liked. If I had found it, believe me, I should have made no fuss and stuffed myself like you or anyone else." In *In the Penal Colony*, needles write the excruciating message BE JUST on the back of a condemned man. In *Investigations of a Dog*, the canine narrator cannot admit that his species is subject to the whim and will of a larger power.

These works, and the other 74 tales in the collection, have become secular cabala, subject to endless sifting and interpretation. Hermann Hesse judged Kafka's works "an urgent formulation of the question of religious existence." W.H. Auden called Kafka "the author who comes nearest to bearing the same kind of relation to our age as Dante, Shakespeare and Goethe bore to theirs." André Gide did not know what to admire most, "the naturalistic presentation of an imaginary world, or the daring turn to the mysterious." But Edmund Wilson was not ready to admire either: "Kafka is being wildly overdone," he grumbled. "What he has left us is the half-expressed gasp of a self-doubting soul trampled under."



Kafka broods over Prague, where he was "three times an outsider"

Excerpt

"The officer inspected his hands critically. Then he drew out a small leather wallet and said: 'Our sentence does not sound severe. Whatever commandment the prisoner has disobeyed is written upon his body by the Harrow. This prisoner, for instance'—the officer indicated the man—'will have written on his body: HONOR THY SUPERIORS!'

Many questions were troubling the explorer, but at the sight of the prisoner he asked only: 'Does he know his sentence?' 'No,' said the officer. 'He doesn't know the sentence that has been passed on him?' 'No,' said the officer again, pausing a moment as if to let the explorer elaborate his question, and then said: 'There would be no point in telling him. He'll learn it on his body.'"

—In the Penal Colony

Two generations later, all of these opinions can still find adherents. Kafka's work is so specific on the surface, and so cryptic underneath, that it can serve any interpreter. His admirers and detractors agree on only one point: Kafka was the neurotic artist personified. He despised his work as an insurance clerk but would not quit. He shied from sentiment as a "fatness of feeling" and recoiled from sex: "Coitus is the punishment for the happiness of being together." He could write only about what he knew, and what he knew were his dreams. "My talent for portraying my inner life," he noted, "has thrust all other matters into the background."

In Kafka's fiction the only history is case history: his own. Whether he is called Samsa, Raban or Joseph K., every protagonist is Franz. The oppressive boss, commandant or schoolmaster are all refractions of Hermann Kafka, the father Franz feared: "You acquired in my eyes that enigmatic quality common to all tyrants, whose authority rests not on what they think but on who they are." The accident files that Kafka used by day become *A Report to an Academy*: "You have done me the honor of inviting me to give an account of the life I formerly led as an Ape." His relations with Felice Bauer, the fiancée he never married, are duly noted in his diary: "I am guilty of the wrong for which she is being tortured, and am in addition the torturer." It is but a step from that summary to *The Judgment*, which ends in the fiancé's shame-filled suicide. To some extent, all writing draws on autobiography, but in no other major writer is the distance from experience to fiction so short. For Kafka, all fantasy is rooted in the personal and the everyday: the miserable home, the suffocating office, the unconsummated affair and, below all, the stale gingerbread city of Prague. Here he was three times an outsider: a solitary, a Jew and a writer in German rather than Czech.

Kafka described himself accurately enough as "weakly and slight," but he had the strength to endure and prevail. He did so by vanishing into his writing. "I don't have 'literary interests,' " he wrote Felice, "literature is what I'm made of." Human relations, love, even health were of no concern: all that came to matter was language, "man's greatest invention."

Every tale, whether it was a novella or a paragraph, was given what Thomas Mann called a "conscientious, curiously explicit, objective, clear and correct

THE BEST DEAL ON A PHONE IS RIGHT IN YOUR HOME.

Doesn't it make sense to own the Bell phone you lease? The one you're already happy with. The one that's already proved itself to you.

Now you can own it, instead of leasing it. Pay for it once. So in the long run, you could save money.

This is a new choice from your Bell Telephone Company for any Bell Touch-Tone® or Rotary Standard, Princess® or Trimline® phone in your home.

Of course you can continue leasing, if you choose, with maintenance included. That may be best for you. But if you want to own the phone in your home, just call toll free 1 800 227-5000 for more information. Or send in the coupon.

It's the best deal on a phone. Because it's right in your bedroom, den, living room, bathroom, hallway, basement or patio.

For purchase information, call

1 800 227-5000

or mail to: Telephone Offer, Box 49209, Atlanta, GA 30359. Offer not yet available in a few areas

Name

Address

City State

Zip Code Phone

Your Bell Telephone Company.

Buy or lease, we give you a choice.

style." Kafka's pathological concern for style was so extreme that only a few tales were published in his lifetime. But the meticulousness that made him a dangling, indecisive figure in life produced modern myths in a prose like shards of glass. It was meant to be lucid, and it was intended to cut. It has drawn blood for 50 years.

Yet when the author is praised today, it is less as a spellbinder than as a seer. Bertolt Brecht is typical of those who believe that "Kafka described with wonderful imaginative power the future concentration camps, the future instability of the law, the future absolutism of the state *apparat*." But Kafka was no East European Orwell staring into the cracked crystal ball. He was wholly apolitical and without any real presentiments of the Holocaust, which was to consume all three of his sisters. He knew of anti-Semitism when it was virulent but not lethal; he experienced bureaucracy before the days of printouts and systems analysts; and the tyranny he understood best was the kind that Freud explored, not the sort that Stalin and Hitler employed.

Kafka was, in fact, an artist by deliberation and a visionary only by happenstance—and a poor visionary at that. On his deathbed he expected his manuscripts to be burned "without exception and preferably unread." That they were not was a betrayal of his wishes, and a permanent grant to world literature. To read him as some Slavic oracle is to miss his importance as a writer who could draw out his soul like leviathan. In Kafka's case, seeing the past was a far greater enterprise than foreseeing the future. —*By Stefan Kanfer*

King of Kings

THE EMPEROR
by Ryszard Kapuściński
Harcourt Brace Jovanovich
164 pages; $12.95

"On the topmost throne of the world, we are still seated on our rear ends," observed Montaigne in the 16th century. Just how ludicrous are the presumptions of temporal power was illustrated in 1974 by the dethronement of the King of Kings, Elect of God, Lion of Judah, His Most Puissant Majesty and Distinguished Highness the Emperor of Ethiopia, Haile Selassie. Few 20th century rulers have reigned with more imperial assurance and panache. A charmer, a demagogue and a despot with an implacable will to power, Haile Selassie had contrived for 44 years to present himself to the world as an enlightened monarch and a forward-looking statesman while his subjects remained in boundless poverty and ignorance.

Among the few journalists who had been witness to the vagaries of Haile Selassie's reign was Ryszard Kapuściński, 52. A widely traveled former correspondent for the Polish Press Agency, Kapuściński was evidently impressed by the

Emperor Haile Selassie

Charm, panache and boundless poverty.

family resemblance shared by absolute rulers, whether they reign in Addis Ababa, Moscow or Warsaw. In fact, the real subject of his ambiguous, compelling memoir is not Haile Selassie's primitive autocracy. It is modern totalitarianism reduced to its primordial elements.

The Emperor offers a trenchant portrait of a 1963 conference of African leaders in the Ethiopian capital. During a gargantuan banquet for more than 3,000 guests in the Emperor's palace, Kapuściński ventures outdoors to an area where dishwashers are throwing out leftovers from the banquet tables. A strange sound issues from the far side of the garbage dump. "I noticed that something was moving, shifting, murmuring, squishing, sighing, and smacking its lips . . . In the thick night, a crowd of barefoot beggars stood huddled together . . . I watched the crowd devour the scraps, bones, and fish heads with laborious concentration. In the meticulous absorption of this eating there was an almost violent biological abandon—the satisfaction of hunger in anxiety and ecstasy."

A decade later, after a military coup had toppled Haile Selassie, Kapuściński made the last of his many trips to Addis Ababa. With the help of a former official, he set out on a series of surreptitious expeditions to uncover the deposed Emperor's courtiers and persuade them to tell him about Haile Selassie's way of life and mode of rule. They confided tales of unbounded slavishness, greed, corruption and palace intrigue.

Most titillating are the stories recounted by Haile Selassie's personal aides, like the keeper of the dog Lulu, which regularly irrigated the shoes of officials who danced attendance on the Emperor. Recalled the keeper: "I had to walk among the dignitaries and wipe the urine from their shoes with a satin cloth. This was my job for ten years." The function of another aide was to act as the monarch's animated timepiece, bowing several times as "a signal to His Perspicacious Majesty that one hour was ending and that the time had come to start another."

Strangely, all Kapuściński's Ethiopian interlocutors speak in the same ironic voice; the reader will soon come to identify it as the author's own. Indeed, there are moments when Kapuściński's fugitive images of Haile Selassie seem to merge with his visions of Stalin and other Communist leaders who have inflamed the writer's political fantasies. Little wonder that when *The Emperor* was published in Poland in 1978, this story of an evil autocrat surrounded by craven functionaries was read as an allegory of Communist rule. Who but Stalin, for example, might have justified a famine in the words attributed to an apologist for Haile Selassie: "Between you and me—it is not bad for national order and a sense of national humility that the subjects be rendered skinnier, thinned down a bit . . . The usefulness of going hungry is that a hungry man thinks only of bread . . . One should always beware of those who have a bit, because they are the worst, they are the greediest, it is they who push upward."

Kapuściński has neither denied nor confirmed the hidden subject of his book. But there can be little doubt that his alternately acrid and hilarious portrait of Haile Selassie's kingdom was meant to provide a riveting view of two societies, as well as an unarguable point: Kings of Kings, whether royal or Communist, are seated on the backs of the people. —*By Patricia Blake*

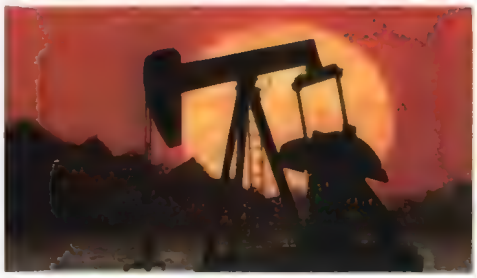
Group Portrait

DURING THE REIGN OF THE QUEEN OF PERSIA
by Joan Chase
Harper & Row; 215 pages; $13.95

"The way Gram told it was that all she had ever had in life was kids and work and useless men and what she wanted, and had earned besides, was to be left alone." Time sweeps everything along in its great, slow spiral: Gram's farm, Uncle Dan's butcher shop, Celia's beauty. People and houses move for a while with the current, then drop away to be replaced by hazy afterimages—family gossip, family myth. This musing, brooding, backward-looking novel, the author's first, summons up scenes of middle-aged women huddling over coffee across a kitchen table, talking in murmurs not always audible. It recalls the memorable time when Katie, who must have been about ten, wriggled under the stall door at the railway station bathroom. "Anne tried to pull her back, then went after her, only she was heavier and got stuck halfway and Katie was kicking her shoulder. When Jenny came with the dime, they couldn't get the door open,

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.
When you know what counts.
Kent Golden Lights
KENT Golden Lights
KINGS
KENT Golden Lights
100
Taste you can count on.
Kings: 8 mg. "tar" 0.7 mg. nicotine, 100s: 9 mg. "tar"
av. per cigarette by FTC Method

Remember when Sunoco was all you knew about Sun Company?



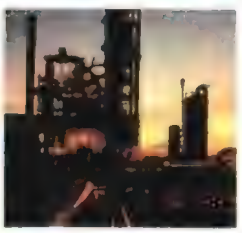
Time was when you could pull into a Sunoco station and know just about all you needed to know about our company.

We were the innovators in custom-blended gasoline and Sun Dial pumps, the ones who were responsive to do-it-yourselfers, and now we're the stations that charge no penalties for credit card purchases. Sunoco wants you to have the products and services you need when you need them.

But Sunoco is just one part of Sun, a company that's been in the energy business for nearly a hundred years. So naturally, there's a lot more to Sun than Sunoco.

At Sun, we focus our human and financial resources on the development and production of energy from a variety of sources. Oil, oil sands, natural gas, geothermal and coal.

And the reason is the same it always was. To make sure you have what you need when you need it.



SUN

A lot of energy under one name.

with Anne wedged under it, Katie still shoving her with her feet, just to be mean."

The book also talks about the year Aunt Grace got cancer and Aunt Elinor mobilized everyone to read Christian Science literature. It retells stories long since drained of humor or sadness but not of their power as talismans, like stones found in childhood that still cause a tingle when discovered in a drawer and held in the hand.

The title is dreaming and distant and just right. In the rolling land of northern Ohio, during the middle years of the 20th century, a woman of no previous wealth inherited a hatful of money, bought a big house and some farm land and assumed matriarchal ways. This was Gram, who had five daughters and, though no one seemed to think the fact very important, a husband. Her style was regal—she would stomp out at night to play bingo whenever she felt like it—and her son-in-law Dan the butcher called her the Queen of Persia. She sheltered, in her take-it-or-leave-it way, her unmarried daughters and whatever married ones happened, at any given moment, to have found their husbands redundant (men are minor irritants in this matriarchy).

Four granddaughters of more or less the same age rowdied about the house.

Joan Chase

Talismans that still cause a tingle.

They were two sets of sisters whose personalities were distinct enough but who formed until midadolescence a tribe more formidable than any single member. The novel's effective but highly unusual narrative voice reflects this collective consciousness. Scenes are related by "we," never by "I." When the reader notices this he may try to isolate a single speaker by elimination: Katie has crawled under the stall door, Anne is wedged there, and Jenny is looking for a dime, so it must be Celia. But no, we have established that it is not Celia. The speaker stays hidden, and her stubborn use of the first person plural makes the point that she and the others moved about the big house like fish in a school.

One sentence outlines the novel: "When we lived there, on the farm which was right on the edge of the city limits, we thought it the very center of the world, and the green and golden land and wooded hollows which began two blocks over from the railroad loop and then rolled off to obscurity formed a natural barrier to the rest of existence, which we dismissed as the outer darkness." The book that follows seems almost unshaped. It begins with what amounts to a separate novella describing how Celia's sexy good looks, which she was destined to lose uncannily at the time of her marriage, split her off at 14 from the sister-cousin cabal. Then it backtracks somewhat awkwardly in time to recount Aunt Grace's sickness and death. But ungainliness hardly matters when a box of old snapshots and mementos is to be sorted out. What does matter, and what Joan Chase evokes with great skill, is the magic of those stones and the haunting vulnerability of the old faces.

—*By John Skow*

Now when you buy JVC VHS videotapes, you can get these little extras.

JVC announces the Video Cassette Giftaway™ that'll make a lasting impression on your eyes and ears. Whenever you buy any grade of JVC's T-120 VHS videotape,* you can get more out of it than just outstanding performance.

Start saving tape inserts and you're eligible for up to 24 high-tech goodies. Including JVC high fidelity components like turntables and cassette decks. Even JVC radio cassette recorders and more. All packed with features that only JVC can let you stagger home with.

It's not a contest or a sweepstakes. The only thing you have to enter is your local JVC tape dealer's store. Then grab a flyer for details ** and start saving your Giftaway inserts.

When you pick up a few JVC VHS videotapes, you never know what you'll walk out with.

JVC

JVC COMPANY OF AMERICA
Magnetic Tape Division
41 Slater Drive, Elmwood Park, NJ 07407
JVC CANADA LTD., Scarborough, Ont

Void where prohibited. Good for purchases from 7-15-12-31-83, only. *STD, HG, and SHG T-120. **Or write JVC, P.O. Box 4500, Litchfield, MN 55355 by 10/31/83.

MATT HERRON

Stewart Brand in his Sausalito, Calif., office: "It's an impossible task, therefore interesting"

Capturing the World of Software

A czar of the counterculture turns on and plugs in

Warm bodies have been hired, hardware has been ordered, and both are moving in this month. The 15 or so computers, among them the Apple II, Epson QX-10 and IBM Personal Computer, will occupy two rooms above the ragtag waterfront of Sausalito, Calif. Already a big hand-scrawled chart pinned to one wall proclaims deadlines to meet and procedures to follow. Says Stewart Brand, leading a tour of his future headquarters: "This is the shell. The peas are still falling into place."

Brand, 44, is the innovative publisher and writer who devised *The Whole Earth Catalog* in 1968. That eccentric compendium of mail-order tools, books and philosophical musings sold 2.5 million copies in its several versions and encapsulated the antitechnological attitudes of the '60s counterculture. Now Brand believes he can capture the new computer culture between book covers, and Doubleday & Co. is betting a record sum that he is right. On the basis of a twelve-page outline, the New York City publishing house advanced Brand a whopping $1.3 million to produce an oversize paperback that will guide readers through the maze of personal-computer tools, including commercial software, free software and electronic library services. The book will be called *The Whole Earth Software Catalog* and reflects Brand's unique point of view.

"It's an impossible task, therefore interesting," says Brand, whose first exposure to computers occurred in the late 1960s, when he worked at the Stanford Research Institute. "Most of the *Whole Earth* audience has accepted computers, more than any other age group. They've been using technology to mess with their consciousness since they were teen-agers. I don't see a tremendous difference between the technology of drugs and the technology of computers, except that drugs are self-limiting and computers appear not to be."

Brand's analysis may be skewed, but his timing is sound. Publishers are increasingly receptive to computer-related books, and they are paying especially high premiums for critiques of the programs that turn computers into word processors, financial analyzers, list managers, electronic communicators, music synthesizers and video-game machines. Harper & Row has advanced $600,000 to the editors of *InfoWorld*, a weekly computer magazine, for a six-volume series of software and hardware reviews, and Simon & Schuster paid the same amount for a ten-volume series by the staff of *PC World*, a monthly magazine devoted to the IBM Personal Computer. Now major investors from outside the computer industry are making their moves. Next week a semiannual software inventory called *LIST* will debut as a monthly, backed by more than $1 million from E.F. Hutton. In September *Money* magazine, a Time Inc. publication, will issue a special computer buying guide that will include selected software reports.

The swelling market for these volumes has been caused by the bewildering proliferation of programs and by the point-of-sales difference between the traditional book business and the software industry. Books, which seldom cost more than $25, can be thumbed through before purchase. Software, with prices ranging from $50 to $500, cannot be readily examined. There may be as many as 40,000 software items on the market, a figure that is expected to double in a year, and stores do not have sufficient space or staff to demonstrate all of the competing brands. Says Peter McWilliams, author of the bestselling *The Personal Computer Book*, who has been recruited as a contributor to Brand's new catalogue: "The trick is finding the right people to tell you what's good."

One of Brand's novel solutions is to go to the networks. These are the hundreds of systems, many of them formed by amateur enthusiasts, that hook computer users together via telephone lines, permitting their members to exchange information, engage in long-distance debates or just gossip. The networks are in effect electronic bulletin boards. "They are the 20th century equivalent of the coffeeshops of Samuel Johnson's day," Brand has said. "Back then, the intelligentsia got loaded on coffee and tried to impress themselves. We'll get loaded on technology and do the same thing."

There are big, formal, commercial networks that sell everything from financial news to legal data to their subscribers, but Brand plans to concentrate on the smaller systems, many of them patched together by computer fanatics. The most notable of these mini-networks, and a prime source of informed opinions about software, is an international collection of more than 1,200 users called EIES, for Electronic Information Exchange System. Operated by the New Jersey Institute of Technology, EIES has counted among its membership Author Alvin Toffler and former Federal Communications Commissioner Nicholas Johnson. Brand will tap the expertise of EIES and invite its entire community to recommend favorite pieces of software. *Whole Earth* staffers will then test the programs, weeding out items that are not first-rate. There will be few negative entries in the catalogue. Says Brand's editor at large, Art Kleiner: "Pans would have to be prime examples of some serious ill."

The finished book, some 200 pages with 600 recommendations, is scheduled to reach bookstores in late 1984. "There's been a lot of careless enthusiasm about software—it's such a fast-growing, hyped-up industry," says Kleiner. "We're hoping we can take the opposite approach." Stylistically the reviews will probably follow the patterns established by the original *Whole Earth Catalog:* short and pithy. Looking up from the Kaypro computer he uses for all of his writing, Brand gave an impromptu sample of the unadorned, telegraphic style that he favors: "Perfect Writer," he said, identifying the disc in his computer. "So-so. It came with the machine." —*By Philip Elmer-DeWitt. Reported by Robert Buderi/San Francisco*

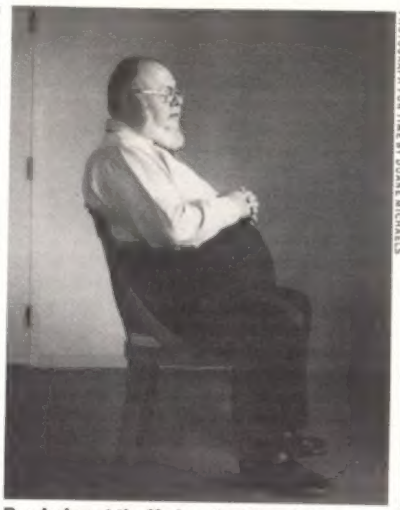
Milestones

Thinker of the Unthinkable

Herman Kahn: 1922-1983

From a mind that was at once brooding and sparkling, eclectic and intense, ideas poured forth that were able to shock a nation and yet influence its policies. Treating nuclear war as unthinkable, he said, made it all the more probable, and the U.S. must prepare to survive one. He predicted the boom of Japan's economy well before the Datsun invasion; more recently he warned of problems that lie ahead for that island nation. For the U.S., he saw a new golden age during the next two decades marked by disappearing poverty, an upsurge of productivity and an abundance of resources. Even his book titles—*Thinking About the Unthinkable* (1962), *The Japanese Challenge* (1979), *The Coming Boom* (1982)—were destined to pass into the lexicon of policy debates.

Herman Kahn, who died last week at his home in Chappaqua, N.Y., of a heart attack at 61, was a mathematician, physicist, economist, weapons analyst and historian. But above all he was a provocateur in the sedate world of ideas, a futurist who attempted, in his own words, "to cope with history before it happens." He was a pioneer in using scientific and mathematical tools to project the future. With his 300-lb. bulk and a florid face framed by a tailored white beard, Kahn had a commanding presence that seemed to complement a mental and verbal vigor bordering on arrogance. He briefed, and at times berated, every President starting with Harry Truman, and at his first hour-long meeting with Ronald Reagan in 1981, he permitted the new President to get in only a few words. "The main thing we do is change attitudes," Kahn told TIME Correspondent Joelle Attinger shortly before his death. "We're trying to educate policymakers."



PHOTOGRAPH FOR TIME BY DUANE MICHAELS

Pondering at the Hudson Institute in May

"The main thing we do is change attitudes."

Kahn was born in Bayonne, N.J., graduated from U.C.L.A. in 1945 and three years later joined the Rand Corp., the California think tank that helps the Pentagon develop defense strategies. He rejected the prevailing nuclear doctrine, Mutual Assured Destruction, which postulates that the devastation accompanying a nuclear exchange will deter the use of such weapons. Instead, he urged preparation for fighting limited nuclear wars.

In 1961 Kahn left Rand to help form his own think tank, the Hudson Institute, on bucolic acreage north of New York City. He kept his umbilical cord of contracts with the Pentagon; approximately half of the institute's $3.6 million annual budget comes from Government contracts. But he also branched out to ponder other societal problems. Among the studies being pursued: prospects for electronic transmission of mail, ways to win a war in El Salvador, alternatives to the federal income tax, the strength of the Soviet navy. On a typical day, Kahn moved from seminars to informal discussions spouting such iconoclastic judgments as "The nuclear freeze is immoral" and "The welfare economy is the last refuge of the scoundrel." Such orotund pronouncements often infuriated critics, who charged that Kahn was more interested in glib provocation than reflective analysis.

To a large extent, the work he and other analysts did at Rand led to the adoption of the more refined nuclear war-fighting strategies currently in place. But the grim prospect of the unthinkable never diluted his evangelical optimism; during the past year he concentrated on selling his vision of a prosperous world future to schools and textbook publishers. "We've had 20 years of pessimism in this country," he said at a heated exchange at the Hudson Institute. "Being a realist today makes one an optimist." ***—By Walter Isaacson***

EXPECTING. Jane Pauley, 32, co-host of NBC's *Today Show* whose 1981 pregnancy ended in a miscarriage, and **Garry Trudeau,** 34, Pulitzer-prizewinning political cartoonist, currently on sabbatical from his *Doonesbury* comic strip: twins, their first children; in December.

DIVORCED. Patricia Neal, 57, Oscar-winning actress (*Hud,* 1963), and **Roald Dahl,** 66, British author of macabre short stories (*Switch Bitch*) and wry children's tales (*Charlie and the Chocolate Factory);* after 30 years of marriage, five children; in London. Dahl's affair with one of his wife's friends devastated a marriage that had survived much tragedy: a traffic accident that caused brain damage to their son, the death of a seven-year-old daughter from measles, and three nearly fatal strokes that partly paralyzed Neal during her fifth pregnancy in 1965.

DIED. Vicki Morgan, 30, sometime model and the late Alfred Bloomingdale's mistress, whose unsuccessful but much publicized $5 million palimony suit against the former Diners Club chairman featured lurid descriptions of his sexual fetishes; of head injuries suffered when she was bludgeoned with a baseball bat by her boyfriend, Marvin Pancoast; in North Hollywood, Calif. Pancoast, 33, an unemployed office clerk who had lived with Morgan for three weeks, told police that they had been arguing over "finances" before he attacked her while she slept.

DIED. Harry James, 67, sweet and fiery trumpeter and enduring Big Band leader; of lymphatic cancer; in Las Vegas. The son of a circus bandmaster and a trapeze artist, James joined Benny Goodman's sizzling swing-era trumpet section in 1937. Two years later, after forming his own band, James discovered young Frank Sinatra, who left (to join Tommy Dorsey) before the band's romantic 1941 hit recording of *You Made Me Love You* established James as one of the premier swingmen during World War II. His fame hit its peak in 1943, when he married America's No. 1 pinup, Betty Grable (from whom he was divorced 22 years later). Despite the many subsequent changes in popular taste, James held a band together for 40 years, playing his final gig ten days before he died.

DIED. William W. Caudill, 69, architect and a founder of the Houston-based Caudill, Rowlett and Scott Group, an international architecture and construction company; of a heart attack; in Houston. The C.R.S. Group's innovative designs include the U.S. embassy complex in Riyadh, Saudi Arabia, and Harvard's Roy Larsen Hall.

DIED. Anne Hewlett Fuller, 87, widow of Futurist Inventor R. Buckminster Fuller, who suffered a fatal heart attack while visiting his comatose wife's bedside; after an intestinal operation; in Los Angeles. Although she did not learn of his death, Mrs. Fuller died 36 hours after her husband. They were buried together last week in Cambridge, Mass.

Essay

Women Are Getting Out of Hand

Strife be unto him who in enlightened times is fool enough to suggest that women are getting too big for their britches, but evidence abounds. There has now appeared on television *The Sins of Dorian Gray*, a modernized perversion of Oscar Wilde's *Picture of Dorian Gray*, in which the famous senescent canvas became a filmed screen test, and Dorian was played by a woman. A remake of the 1946 movie *It's a Wonderful Life* cast Marlo Thomas in the role established by Jimmy Stewart and Cloris Leachman as the once male angel. Mary Tyler Moore made her Broadway debut in 1980 with *Whose Life Is It Anyway?* in a part originally written for a man. Joan Rivers and Nancy Walker pressed Neil Simon to permit them to play the leads in a female rendering of *The Odd Couple*.

The mind heaves with possibilities: *The Sisters Karamazov*? *Twelve Angry Ladies*? *Young Girl with a Cornet*? *Mrs. Roberts*? How long before the world is treated to a revival of *Moby Dick*, starring Victoria Principal as Captain Alice and ubiquitous Meryl Streep as the passionate yet complex crew? Or Steven Spielberg's *E.T.T.E.*? Or Richard Attenborough's epic film biography of the Indian pacifist *Blandhi*?

Naturally, one is told not to worry about these things. Such transformations do but signify the newly liberated consciousness wherein the contemporary male and female are learning to exchange and fuse their too long separate and restrictive identities. Thus in the past year alone have audiences been instructed and entertained by movies like *Victor/Victoria*, in which a woman impersonates a man in order to impersonate a woman; and *The World According to Garp*, featuring John Lithgow as the transsexual ex-pro-football player with a heart of gold; and *Tootsie*, in which Dustin Hoffman, decked out as the soap-opera heroine Dorothy Michaels, both receives and delivers his revelation: "I was a better man as a woman with a woman than I've ever been as a man with a woman." That, of course, is the essential message in these bottles: when a man assumes the role of a woman, or when a woman assumes a role formerly occupied by a man, it is the man who gains immeasurably from the virtues thus acquired.

The cultural goal of these exchanges would seem to be the creation of an androgynous ideal, a male hero with certain indispensable facets of his masculinity intact but displaying in great and blatant measure the desirable female attributes of gentleness, forbearance and sensitivity. This is not at all the menacing androgyny of a Mick Jagger, whose odd dual nature appears to find its roots in the bowels of Greek mythology. Rather, it is represented by a fellow like Alan Alda, a man's man but wearing pastel sweaters. In fact, this heroic vision was realized long ago (minus the pastel sweaters) in such figures as Henry Fonda and the recently usurped Jimmy Stewart. What seems to be sought nowadays is a Californiated version of the former types, men who have achieved their "softness" specifically because of their therapeutic and ennobling association with women.

Underlying and supporting this image is the assumption that while women possess a superabundance of qualities that would, if transplanted to men, bring peace and glory to the lesser sex, men do not possess a comparable set of gifts to bestow on their opposites. Evidently such standard male characteristics as aggressiveness, forthrightness, companionability are thought not to travel well, or not to be worth adopting. Yet, if women can seize male roles in works of art in order to improve them, turnabout ought to be fair play. Could we not have the story of *Monsieur Bovary*, with George Segal as the love-starved Eddie? Or *Harry Karenina*? Or *Dick Eyre*? Would one ever forget the haunting mystery-*cum*-melody *Larry*, with Richard Gere in the part made memorable by Gene Tierney? Or *Coal Miner's Son-in-Law*, starring Sylvester Stallone as the boy who starts out with nothing but a guitar and barbells and works his way up to become the heaviest singer in Philadelphia?

To be sure, there are a few female roles that in fact could just as easily have been played by men. Any of Joan Crawford's parts, for instance, if one could have found a man sufficiently frightening. Barbara Stanwyck, possibly. Ava Gardner, no. Conversely, it is highly unlikely that an actress could have succeeded in roles assigned to Peter Lorre or Sydney Greenstreet, but the imagination is not stretched beyond tolerance to envision women in several of Cary Grant's roles, or in Humphrey Bogart's ("Here's looking at you, mister"). An argument might even be made that certain dramatic works would have been better off had male and female parts been exchanged at the start. *Hamlet*, which has often starred women, might appropriately have been conceived as *Hamlette*, the tragedy of a princess who could not make up her mind. Such decisions are history, however, and ought to lie beyond reversal. The sole purpose of changing *Hamlet* at this point would be to make the social statement that our hero would have been a nicer person as a female, that he never would have stooped to seek revenge by the sword but instead would have cleansed Denmark wholly by his demure and delightful example.

As applied to the real world, this sort of wishful revisionism is nonsense, to say the least, as anyone who has suffered under women in power knows amply. One of the melancholy rediscoveries of the late 20th century is that the fair sex, given the opportunities of the unfair, behave no better. Last spring Anne Burford resigned from the Environmental Protection Agency amid charges of gross mismanagement, which has always been considered an all-male province. Similarly, Mrs. Gandhi has the habit of revoking civil liberties from time to time—man's work most definitely. Not for nothing has Margaret Thatcher been branded "Attila the Hen" by her enemies, suggesting that in public life, as in art, not even a Hun is safe from female encroachments. Beside the crudeness of such impositions, the question of equal rights enters here as well. Clearly the future belongs to women. Have men no rights to the past?

Still, one must admit that it tickles the fancy to picture the great moments of revised classics, with transformed characters uttering new sets of lines. There is the doorway to the mansion. There are the hallway and the stairs. Arthur O'Hara is about to plead with Margaret Butler to give him one more chance and not to leave.

He cries out, distraught: "Oh, my darling, if you go, what shall I do?"

She faces him squarely. "Frankly, my dear, I don't give a damn what others may think. I'm going to swallow my pride and stay here forever."

—By Roger Rosenblatt

Illustration for TIME by Cathy Hull

COMPARED TO THE TOP THREE IMPORT SEDANS*

CHEVY CAVALIER PUTS YOU IN THE DRIVER'S SEAT. WITH MORE ROOM. MORE POWER.

MORE ROOM THAN THE TOP THREE IMPORT SEDANS*

The Cavalier Sedan shown has 14 cu. ft. more total room than Toyota Corolla, 10 more than Nissan Sentra, 8 more than Honda Accord (based on EPA ratings for 1983 models).

Cavalier Coupe equals or beats Corolla, Sentra and Honda Prelude Coupe in room. Cavalier Wagon beats the top-selling import wagon by a comfortable margin–11 cu. ft. more room for passengers, 5 more for cargo. Our hatchback's a winner too. With more total room than Corolla, Sentra and Accord hatchbacks.

MORE POWER THAN THE TOP THREE IMPORTS*

Cavalier's high-compression 2.0 Liter engine outpowers the three top-selling imports (based on SAE Net rated horsepower).

Coupled with Cavalier's front-wheel drive and available 5-speed, it's performance you can feel.

Plus **Electronic Fuel Injection.** Chevy Cavalier has it. Accord doesn't, Corolla doesn't and Sentra doesn't.

LOWER PRICES FOR 1983.

That's right. Based on a comparison of Manufacturer's Suggested Retail Prices for 1982 and 1983 models, Cavalier's prices are actually lower than last year. Level of equipment will vary.

See your Chevy dealer now. Drive the proof that America's sales leader is taking charge.

Let's get it together . . . buckle up.

*Based on 1982 calendar year registrations.

Some Chevrolets are equipped with engines produced by other GM divisions, subsidiaries, or affiliated companies worldwide. See your dealer for details.

CHEVROLET IS TAKING CHARGE Chevrolet

CAVALIER · CELEBRITY · CITATION · CHEVETTE · CAMARO · MALIBU · MONTE CARLO · CAPRICE · CORVETTE

© 1983 R.J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.

Winston. America's Best.

Join the first team.
Reach for Winston.

15 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.